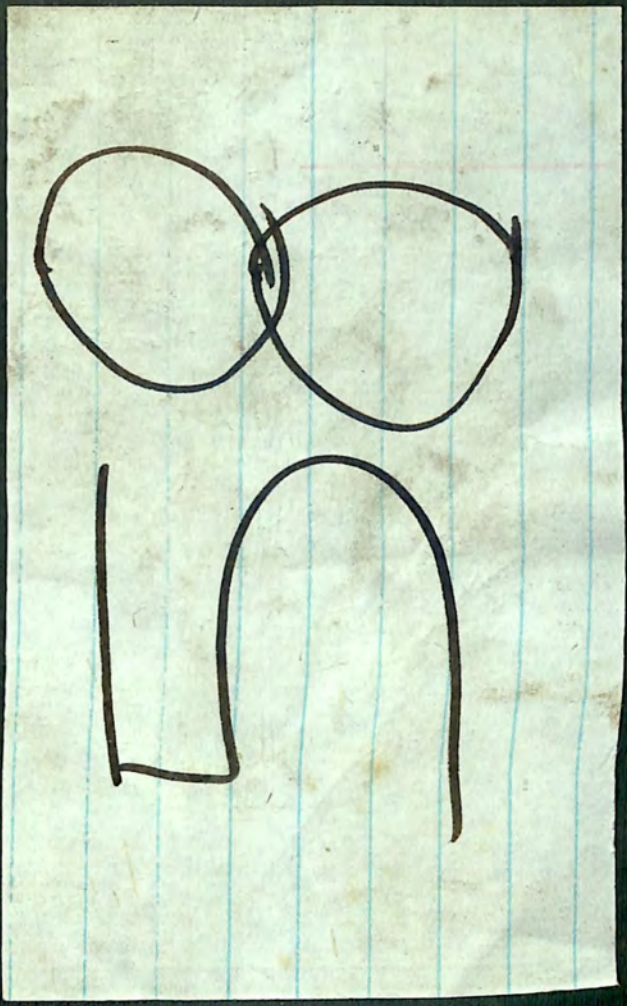

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THE
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MY NOTE BOOK.

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By JOHN MACGREGOR, Esq.

AUTHOR OF 'BRITISH AMERICA,'

ETC. ETC.

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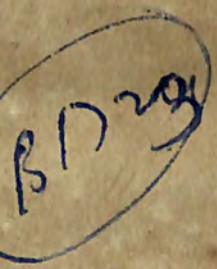

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MY NOTE BOOK.

SPA.

We passed the winter of 1834, very happily in Paris.

Early in June, we arranged our plans in order to visit, in company with my worthy friend Dr. Scott, Mrs. Scott and her sister, the German watering places, Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy.

The summer becoming oppressively hot in Paris, and having some affairs to attend to that required my personal attention, (after the rest of the party were ready for departure) Dr. and Mrs. S. Miss T—— and my wife started for Spa, in a commodious carriage, built for the intended journey.

A week after, I followed by way of Brussels,

where I remained two days, and then by the road to Wavre, Gembleaux, Namur, and down by the rich picturesque banks of the Meuse, travelled on to Liege, and thence to Spa, where I joined my wife and friends at our old quarters the Hotel d'Orange.

Dr. Scott had met with a most vexatious, but not serious accident which lamed him so painfully as to confine him for nearly a fortnight to the house. I now found him fast recovering; we met some old acquaintances at the Pouhan, and on the promenades; and in a day or two Dr. Scott was able to accompany us to the several wells in the vicinity, and to clamber with me among the Schistous heights, and to examine the geology of the surrounding hills—a pursuit in which he delighted, and a science with which he was remarkably well acquainted.

At the Hotel d'Orange, we had an excellent drawing room, four best bed-rooms, all on the first-floor, and two servants beds, for all which we paid only fourteen francs, or 11*s.* 2*d.* a-day; and for good dinners served in our sitting-room, we paid three francs; for breakfast twenty-

five sous or a shilling; for the food of the servants four francs; and for good Bordeaux wine four francs per bottle. So that for ourselves, five in number and two servants, including attendance, our lodging and living cost us no more than forty-five francs, that is 1*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* per day—every other charge for horses, &c. was in proportion. I mention this, as I have often heard people say that Spa is an expensive watering place.

Although situated in a most picturesque valley amidst the hills of Ardennes, the country immediately on ascending the heights is remarkably sterile. Yet in the neighbouring valley of the Vesdre, and in the whole district of Liege, the soil teems with fertility, and provisions of all kinds are consequently cheap at Spa.

The only branch of industry, of any consequence, in which the inhabitants of this peaceful valley, are occupied, is the making, painting, and varnishing of snuff-boxes, and numerous other fancifully-shaped, painted, and varnished articles, all of beech-wood: a variety of these you may see in the shops of London, and Paris. The expenditure of those who frequent the wells,

or who transiently stop for a day or two before proceeding to Aix-la-Chapelle or the Rhine, forms the chief support of the villagers of Spa. In winter, which is severe—the ground being generally covered with snow—the place is said to be one of the most solitary and dull in the world.

In summer, Spa may naturally vie with the most frequented watering places. The rides and promenades are remarkably pretty, the water is not only agreeable to drink, but considered as remarkably efficacious in the cases for which it is prescribed.

From the five springs, previously to the French Revolution, one hundred and thirty thousand bottles of water were annually sent. The Bishop of Liege's revenue from the duty on this quantity was about 7,000 livres. The magistrates of Spa received about the same sum on the amount of the remaining produce.*

Horses, and donkeys, and carriages are always

* The waters of Spa, being impregnated with a large portion of iron, and carbonic acid gas, are grateful to the taste, and have always been celebrated for their efficiency in chronic diseases arising from impaired digestive organs. They are specially recommended to gouty, dispeptic, and hypochondriac patients.

ready for hire, and at reasonable charges. The visitors usually pass their time (excepting when feasting or gambling) in reading, or walking along the banks of the streamlet, and to the different wells, or in ascending the heights to the pavilion, — and lounging in the shops, at the Pouhans or on the promenades. Of the latter, regularly laid out in avenues, there are two, the four and the seven o'clock promenades.

The prudent, and the moral, make excursions to the romantic cascade of Stabloo,—to the quarries of the most beautiful black marble, at Theux, or wander to the mineral spring on the commanding elevation of Chaudfontaine, or amidst the sublimities of sylvan scenery at Steffen and Mountjou. At four o'clock, and seven, the promenades are usually resorted to by all except the inveterate gamblers, or a few who prefer clambering up the windings of the height to the Pavilion, or to ramble among the wild scenery of the Ardennes. The Concert, the Theatre, the balls and the gambling-tables occupy the remainder of the evening.

Spa is now, however, a very quiet, and to

those who cannot be happy independent of excitement, a truly dull place. Very long and very deservedly has it been celebrated. Its consequence and gaiety were for a few years revived, during the reign of William. At that time the Prince of Orange with his family, and the Dutch and Belgian gentry, flocked to its wells, filled its promenades, its gambling-house, and its ball-rooms, and thither also came numerous visitants from England, France, and even from Germany.

Its Vauxhalls, its masquerade and ball-rooms, long since built by a company of wealthy merchants, are now almost deserted. In them

> "No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
> The soul of Music swells—"

yet we met a much greater number of English families this year, than there were last. The gambling-house has its frequenters; and the Pouhan.; are in expectation that Leopold and his Queen will come and sip of, and soak in the waters; that the Drama will soon revive at the Theatre; and that the music will again play, and the merry dance once more enliven the spacious rooms of the Redoute, and Vauxhall.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

We were far from being dissatisfied with the quiet and to us pleasant valley, promenades and drives of Spa, when the "hour arrived that we should ride."

I halted at Verviers, and the carriage drove on to Aix-la-Chapelle. While visiting the factories and afterwards lunching at the Hotel de Flandres, I learnt, that although there was a diminished demand for their fabrics, the people were still thriving; that the best workmen earned a franc and half, about fifteen pence a day; other workmen a franc; women from four pence to five pence, children a penny to two pence; that even these wages supported them well, for potatoes were not more than ten to thirteen centimes per *kilo*, bread about eight sous per quartern loaf, scarcely a penny a pound, and that there are more than twenty-two *millionaires* at Verviers.

The recent improvements in agriculture; the excellent Macadámized road constructed by a company along the picturesque Vesdre to Liege; the pretty meandering walks; the neat villas; the richly laden fruit, intermingled with majestic forest-trees; the hills and jutting rocks, all impart peculiar beauty to this part of the country.

I travelled in the diligence from Verviers to Aix-la-Chapelle, the passengers with me were four in number, the first a remarkably intelligent Prussian officer, well acquainted with all that related to the government and to the administrations of his country. He abhorred despotism, and although he acknowledged that both civil and military justice were impartially administered, yet he could not help writhing under the feeling that no political liberty existed in Prussia. The second was a very communicative and well informed manufacturer, who had sat, the week before, next me at the *table d'hôte* of the *Aigle Noir* at Liege, and to whom I felt obliged for much satisfactory information relative, not only to the manufacturers, but

to the agriculture and to the labouring classes of the country: the remaining two were young slender men with pale complexions, and thoughtless faces. They were clad in checquered pantaloons, and striped white blue and red shirts, with no waistcoats, with their neck exposed *à la* Byron, and with white hats and short blue jackets *à la* Jack Tar. They spoke not—understood not one word of French or German—but I soon discovered they could quote Latin and very decent Greek. On speaking to them in English, for from England they were, I found they did not actually know what country we had left, or that in which we arrived. When we alighted to have our passports examined on crossing the Prussian frontier, they were so ignorant of the Rhine, that they did not know whether it was larger than the Tiber, and wondered exceedingly when I said that huge ships and moveable masses covered with houses floated on the former, while the gin-drinkers of England gulped as much liquid daily as would form a stream equal to the magnitude of the latter. I felt some curiosity to know what could have caused such helpless

things to stray so far from the shade of their mamma's petticoats; and by putting a few leading questions, they let me know, that their parents had given them sufficient money and liberty to travel on the Continent during the vacation (for they were from Cambridge), and that they did not know the best places to go to, but were advised to travel as far as 'Berlin, and Prussia.'

I said, "then your best way will be to proceed from Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne; then up the Rhine in a steam-boat to Coblentz, and from thence over the hills of Nassau to Frankfort;—or you may go by steam-boats, first from Cologne to Mayence, then by another steam-vessel to Frankfort, and then travel by diligence on to Berlin." "Cannot we as well go by steam-boat all the way to Berlin?" asked he who seemed to be the mouth-piece of both.

I had recommended Dr. Scott to the Kaisers-Hof, Emperors Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle, but not finding accommodation there, they drove in consequence to the Grand Monarque, where they were received by some half-dozen dashing

servants in liveries—yellow, blue and gold; and ushered up three pair of stairs to not very comfortable rooms, for which a shamefully extravagant charge was demanded, and obliged to be submitted to. The hotel was like every other in the town, and even at Bocette,* full. It would seem as if all the nobility and gentry and capitalists of England, had deserted their own country for Germany. There were also arrivals

* The little town of Bocette is situated most picturesquely near the ramparts of Aix, with its venerable abbey and old castle transformed into a hotel, amid pretty wooded hills and rich pastures, from which hot vapours burst, and through which a scalding rivulet meanders. This place owes its present celebrity to the unparalleled gambling spirit of Aix-la-Chapelle, which blasted the morals of the citizens, and multiplied crime and wretchedness, until at length the municipal authorities forbade, under ruinous penalties, all games of hazard within the town. The inveterate gamblers and sharpers removed to Bocette, to which the cheapness of living, and the fascination of Faro and Loo, induced all the spendthrifts to follow. Aix was deserted during the fashionable season, while Bocette was crowded with visitors. The Magistrates of the former relaxed, and the magnificent Redoute, and Kelschenbourg, were licensed as Hells, on paying a high sum to government, and placed on the same principle as the gambling-houses of Paris. The banker is obliged to cover the stake of every player. Until ten o'clock no sum less than a crown is allowed to be staked, after ten, a half crown is the lowest sum. Bocette is notwithstanding still frequented.

from France, Denmark, and a few even from Russia and Sweden, but with the exception of the Parisian gamblers from the *Cercle*, *Frascati's*, and the *Palais Royal*, they tarried not long—English extravagance, and the extortion of the innkeepers soon drove them off to the wells of Nassau.

The *Redoute* of Aix-la-Chapelle is perhaps the most sumptuous gambling-house on the Continent. It has spacious lofty halls and rooms, with splendid lustres, candelabras, and mirrors; a refectory where every eatable and drinkable delicacy may be partaken of, and dearly paid for. The *roulette* and the *rouge et noir* tables are covered with gold and silver; and the gambling in open day—in the face of the world—is carried on to an extent that sinks Frascati's to the shades Never did I before feel such utter disdain for those among the spending class of England, as I did on seeing them wasting fortunes squeezed from industrious labour, and degrading not only their own but the character of their country, at the brilliant hell of *Aachen*. We met here with an old friend of Dr. Scott,

General Von Sholtern, Governor of the Danish West-Indies. He was accompanied by Madame S. and his daughters, Dr. Steven, who has written a celebrated medical book, and Captain Oxholm of the Danish Guards, with whom and his mother we were acquainted in Paris.

The General who had been rather unwell for some time, came to drink the waters, which did him little service. The whole party in two or three weeks became quite *ennuyéd* at Aix, and were about moving off to the Rhine—we all agreed to meet at Ehrenbreitstein. Although the Prussian government is, certainly, as the officer who travelled with me from Verviers admitted, remarkably just and equal in all matters of civil justice, a circumstance which Dr. Steven mentioned to me shows how unscrupulously and summarily are all matters that savour of politics dealt with.

Dr. Steven, to familiarize himself with speaking German, engaged a professor in the town to read that language with him for an hour each day in the week; on the first, second, and third days the professor was punctual in his attendance;

on the fourth and fifth he appeared not: on the sixth, Dr. Steven, thinking that the professor was unwell, called at his residence, when he was told, that the police had arrested him two days before, and had sent him off (the landlady said in irons) to Berlin, on suspicion of his being a member of the Secret Society—a supposed confederacy of men, chiefly literary, who, it is presumed, have in view the complete revolution of Germany. I was told of many such arrests; but in Prussia, these matters are very quietly managed, and create little of the general sensation which a similar circumstance would excite in France and England.

Provisions and almost every other article were all, we found, greatly increased in price:—within the town there seemed to be a combination between innkeepers, lodging-house-letters, butchers, bakers, and grocers, since last year. The mineral waters are disagreeable to the taste beyond any that I know of; but as their medical properties are considered of eminent efficacy, this, no doubt, is more than sufficient to counterbalance the repulsive draught. Their nauseous taste arises from

the impregnation of supersulphurated hydrogen gas, and the heat is at the high temperature of 143 Fahrenheit.* The common drinking water is impure, that from the fountain at the Hotel de Ville is alone tolerable.

I asked, two hours before we were prepared to depart, for our bill. The horses were, however, in the carriage, the luggage all put up; and then, and not till then, did the waiter bring the bill—the most extravagant I had ever seen. I said to Dr. Scott we had better pay it to the landlord, the charge for the servants being infamous. Dr. Scott very mildly objected to it. Boniface flew into a passion, and swore "*dat die ducs an die dors, an die prinz cum't ta Mein Hof, an not*

* The waters of Aix having also a portion of muriate and carbonate of soda, and carbonate of lime, are prescribed for the removal of visceral obstructions, and languor of the digestive organs. The Campus is a cold spring, nearly of the same quality but less efficacious than the hot wells, yet most frequented as being less disagreeable to the taste than the other.

The season at Aix-la-Chapelle has usually been early in May and June, before that of Spa commenced; and in August and September, when that at Spa was over. The charges for baths are by all considered shamefully dear. The external use of the hot waters is chiefly recommended to those afflicted with Scrofula or any cutaneous disease.

mak not dad all never objection, an dat dose dat doos arr not more better den die dam gommon rascal." These were his very words: a more insolent fellow I never met with. We threw down our money on the table, and drove away for ever from the *Hotel de la Grande Monarque*.

COLOGNE.

We slept at Juliers, where the inn is plain in its accommodation, but the landlady civil, her bill of fare good, and her charges moderate.

I left on horseback earlier than our party, wishing to ramble among the farms. I had a fresh horse from my old friend, the landlord of the Red House at Bercheim, and then trotted on to Cologne. The day was hot, and vast thunder-clouds, which burst at night in brilliant sublimity, were suspended over the Drachenfells. The carriage arrived in the evening, and we had a very handsome suite of apartments overlooking the Rhine, in the Great Rhinberg Hotel. The landlord, however, was absent. Scandal had sent him on an excursion with a beautiful young French woman, the wife of an elderly Negociant. A great number of travellers having arrived after we had gone to bed, the head waiter made no scruple to have temporary beds put up for

them in the large, richly furnished saloon which we had engaged and occupied. With this intrusion, (for what could persons arriving so late do) I was far from being disposed next morning to quarrel, although the travellers talked too loudly for those less sleepy than myself, and indulged also, as was evident from the perfume, in whiffing out the curling fumes of some pipes of tobacco.

In order not to be considered barbarians and pagans, we sallied forth after breakfast through the filthiest streets in Germany, to peep at the shrines and sculls of St. Ursula, and of her eleven thousand virgins; at the costly tombs which contain, if not the skeletons, at least (it would be infidelity not to say so) the precious sculls of the star-led Caspar, Balthazor, and Melchior; and at the hut in which Rubens was born, and Mary de Medicis died. The ladies had predetermined to buy their Eau de Cologne in *propria persona* from Jean Farina himself, as he alone could deliver them the genuine pure. As usual to quacks, they paid him double price for it, although Dr. Scott and myself were very

fully convinced that Signor Farina was as complete a humbug as the Balm of Gilead Jew; and that every other distiller of Cologne water could produce and sell as good spirits at a tenth part of the price as he who has so long bamboozled the ladies. Signor Farina is, however, like fashionable dentists, doctors, and preachers, a very persuasive, soft-speaking man.

BONN – PRUSSIAN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.*

THE University of Bonn is the chief seat of learning for Western Prussia, and while such men as the celebrated Schlegel, Freytag, and Bopp, and Lassen, occupy the chairs of its professorships, it may well maintain its celebrity.

The great Niebuhr, alas! is gone.

Never was there a more appropriate *locale* for a seat of learning than the castle and extensive gardens of the Old Electors at Bonn. The river, the Drachenfels, Godsberg, the hills of Poppelsdorf, and a rich agricultural country are all open in full and almost unequalled view. Sufficiently distant from the noise and vice of any great town, it has the advantage of being enlivened by the objects passing on the Rhine and on the high-road, combined with the most picturesque scenery, and at the same time the convenience

* See Notes to My Note Book, No. 7, for a brief statistical view of the universities, schools, professorships, students, &c. of Prussia.

of being the most central position for the students, of all Western Germany.

The library, which formerly belonged to the *ci-devant* University of Cologne, has been removed to that in the Knights-hall of Bonn. The schools of surgery and medicine, the lecture-rooms, the hospital, the gardens, and the museum,* in which, among many other curious antiques, there is the true ancient *Ara Ubiorum*, erected by the Romans to the Goddess of Victory, and a winged head of Mercury, dug up in 1821 at Hardenheim, are all more than worthy of halting a day or two at Bonn, to have the opportunity of seeing. Strange to say, however, that of the thousands of English travellers, who hasten annually to the Rhine, I never have been able to meet one who, personally, knew anything of the museum, or the University of Bonn.

If we pity the man who "travelled from Dan

* The Museum contains [1834] 41,718 zoological subjects; 1,476 zootomical; 22,871 fossil; 23,216 mineralogical and geognostical; and 3,280 subjects in the Herbaseum.—In all 92,561 subjects. The surrounding country is rich in fossils, minerals, and Roman antiquities.

to Beersheba and found the way all barren," how poor must the mind of that man be who visits the Rhine, and rambles over Germany, and returns home ignorant of the people, of the curiosities, and of the institutions of the country over which he has journeyed!

Much has been, and much certainly may be, said in praise of the Prussian system of public instruction. M. Cousin's book, an admirable English translation of which we have by Mrs. Austin, has introduced us to an acquaintance with nearly all that is admirable in the administrative plan; and has led many of those who have advocated a national form of education, to consider that of Prussia as the *ne plus ultra* of perfection.

That great benefits will result from the system of Prussia, which more or less pervades all Germany, I am most willing to admit;—that the people will, in consequence, entertain more enlightened and liberal opinions, and assume a bolder political spirit, there can be no doubt; but we must not overlook the circumstance, that in all the schools of Prussia, and, in fact, of

all Germany, unless it be at the University of Heidelburgh, and in some degree, in that of Wiemar, the absolute, prescriptive principles of the government are rigidly enforced,

The course of instruction, the books to be read, and the administration of the colleges and schools, are under the absolute direction and control of the supreme government, through its organ the minister of public instruction at Berlin.

Therefore, although I most readily admit, that the king of Prussia, by the course in which he perseveres, both in the administration of his government, and in the national system of education, is as upright in his views as any absolute monarch can be; I am, after much inquiry and consideration on the subject, (for an object which has cost me great labour and research*) clearly of opinion that the so much extolled Prussian system would be found impracticable in nations circumstanced like England or the United States, although, in some degree, it now prevails in France.

* See Resources and Statistics of Nations— Section, Moral Statistics. See also notes to the Note Book, Vol. iii.

THE BURSCHEN.

HAVING put the carriage on board the steam-boat, we embarked for Coblentz. Between Godsberg and the Drachenfels, two or three boats pushed off from the shore, filled with young men, habited chiefly in black velvet coats, in shape like English shooting-jackets, fancy trousers, gay waistcoats, and caps with glazed fronts. Each had a long pipe, and a fancifully-wrought tobacco-pouch, suspended by a chain from the neck. They wore their hair, beard and moustachios, precisely *à la* Rubens. Some twelve or fifteen had musical wind instruments, several had fowling pieces, and they boarded our packet as unceremoniously as if they had been vassals sent forth to capture us by the feudal lord of Rolandsec.

Immediately did they distribute themselves among the passengers; and instantly were more

than three-score pipes in fuming activity—clouds of smoke curled and rose over the deck—seemingly in competition with the flue of the steam-engine, as to which would most effectually darken the "clear blue sky."

An English lady intimated that the smoke made her ill: she was overheard by one of them who understood her language. The pipes were instantly extinguished, and as we approached the picturesque island of Nonnenwerth, the Convent of which is transformed to a smoking-house and tavern, they descended to their boats, fired a salute, and then, pushing towards the shore, their band, to our amazement and delight, struck up God save the King, while all the glad youths joined in chorus; Der Freischutz followed. The effect, on perhaps the most romantic part of the Rhine, was enchanting. Bonn, which may proudly boast of its Beethoven, is a seat of music as well as of learning, and these joyous lads were the Burschen of Bonn. It was Sunday, and they in their holiday academicals, looked indeed fearless, light-hearted, generous fellows,—fit and ready for study, song, fun, or mischief—daring,

willing spirits, who would be the first leaders of a revolt against despotism.

How does it arise that school-boys and students in all countries are imbued with this disposition? Simply from the circumstance, that every dominie, and every pedagogue, rules with arbitrary sway within their respective Pigmy Dominions. We shall, hereafter, I hope, see how M. de Fellenberg, who has adopted so opposite a practice, succeeds at Hofwyl.

THE RHINE.

The day was as clear and tranquil and as celestial as Poussin could have fancied. As our steam-ship breasted vigorously and swiftly forward from the Drachenfels towards Coblentz, the green woods, yellow fields, clambering vine-yards, ruined castles, little villages, decent churches, sloping banks, towering mountains, and the face of valleys, rose in picturesque beauty; and were, with the azure *plafond* of Heaven, magically reflected in the limped waters of the glorious river.

Three of the huge Rhine rafts, like moving islands, with their cottages, their men, their women, and their children, floated past us. Several decked vessels from the Necker and the Maine, with blue, yellow, and red flags, were sailing downwards, or tracked upwards; and a long narrow open boat, filled with men, and women—boys, and girls—most of them singing in a style that would have done credit to the King's Theatre, was at the same time rowing with the

current. At each little village or town, we saw the peasantry enjoying the absence of toil in their holiday clothes,—some sitting on benches—some standing in groups,—sometimes a young man, and a younger woman straying by themselves along the winding paths, along the vine-clad banks, or sitting beneath the shade of overhanging woods, looking down on the river:—a dog was chasing some goats along the basaltic steeps; a boy on the cliff above was halooing to the dog. Each turret, and tower, and castle, that stood in ruin on the abrupt heights above the valleys and the villages, had its legend and its romance. The ever-varying landscape on such a heavenly day was delectable.

Revelling amidst the beauty of such charming scenery, it required more than ordinary self-denial to survey the *dramatis personæ* of passengers—of the most heterogeneous assemblages that ever sat, or stood, or lounged, on the deck of the Frederich Wilhelm. An intelligent but prejudiced English Tory, was in solemn contact with a fanciful French *avocat*, who dreamt of a *perfect* Republic. A shrewd Dutchman, who

had resided long enough in England to become a thorough Whig, formed a *juste Milieu* between the legitimate and the visionary man of equal rights. A group of quiet Germans sat near the bows, smoked their pipes, and spoke little. Two brawny Russians walked to and fro with a military gait. Three young ladies from the same country, handsome in face and form, although rather exceeding the feminine size in person, mingled with the after-deck *voyageurs*, and were exceedingly frank, courteous, and unrestricted by formality of manners. Besides these there were several English ladies. Among the latter the mother of a Turkish traveller, whose sister gave me his valuable book on the Ottoman Empire. They, with their relative, the widow of Col. M—— were going onward to Schlangenbad, under the fascination of the Old Gentleman's "Bubbles."

I must not forget a bird of passage, in height about six feet, remarkably fleshy, with a round visage, snub beak, and blazing crest, thatched with a small straw hat:—it had on a scarlet waistcoat, check shirt, canvass trowsers,

and a short blue jacket, studded with mother-of-pearl buttons :—it smoked cigars, drank brandy and water, swaggered along the deck; and looked like a great fat giant, *Kock a too.* It was from England, bat it was whispered that it had not escaped from the aviary of Lord F———

So much for, and no farther with, the bipeds on board the steam-boat Frederich Wilhelm.*

On arriving at Coblentz, I crossed the bridge to Ehrenbreitstein to the Weissen Ross, every room and bed in which were engaged ; but mine old acquaintance the host procured us, until he should have accommodation in his own hotel, apartments in a house immediately under the

* The accommodations of the steam-boats on the Rhine we found not altered for the better since last year. The vessels are built well enough,—and the charge, considering there is no competition, not very extravagant. We paid for the three ladies in the after-cabin—Dr. Scott and myself in the grand cabin,—the two servants in the fore-cabin—twenty-five Thalers, or 4*l.* for a distance of not fifty miles. For the carriage six Thalers, and for Mrs. Scott's little dog they wished also to make a charge, although the animal was caged up in the carriage. The charge for dinner, including half a bottle of indifferent wine, was only twenty Groschen or 2*s.* 1*d.* For breakfast the charge for one large cup of tea, including some bread and butter, four Groschen.

precipice, and the ladies being fatigued, they retired to rest, after a *petit souper*. Dr. Scott, and I sat up for sometime after, watching and admiring the fire-works (it being the eve of the King of Prussia's birth-day) which were vomited forth from the citadel, and from the parapets; as those artificial phenomena ascended and curved, and burst with brilliant and fantastic effulgence over, and were reflected with the vast star-spangled heavens above, in the broad clear blue stream underneath.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

We were awakened early in the morning by the thundering of cannon, fired to announce, and in honour of, the anniversary of the birth of the paternal king of Prussia. All the church bells of Coblentz, and of Thal-Ehrenbreitstein pealed most merrily. Soon after, the regiments of the line, the cavalry, and two regiments of Landwehr were reviewed. No idea of military discipline could exceed the reality of precision which all the troops displayed. The arms, the accoutrements, the clothing, the men, the manœuvring, the marching and counter-marching, produced a most imposing effect. The Prussian uniform fits, and looks, perhaps, better than any other in Europe,—yet I am not sure that it is so well contrived for comfort as that of the French soldiery.

The armed force of Prussia concentrated at Ehrenbreitstein, and at the immediate great

fortresses of the Karthaus,* and of Petersberg, exhibited, on this occasion, a more strictly military aspect than I have ever beheld, either at the reviews in Hyde-park, or in the Champs des Mars.

The Prussians march forward, wheel, and fall into line, as if the army were a vast precisely-regulated piece of mechanism. The French soldiery have little minute precision; they move like active little animals; yet you always find them, in whatever way they get there, in their places. The question is, which of the two,—the lively little sun-burnt French soldier, in his coarse, dirty-red trowsers and blue jacket, or the upright, well-formed, exact, handsomely dressed German, will undergo most fatigue in a campaign, or fight more effectively on the day of battle.*

The great commanding view, overlooking all others, is from the citadel;—but all the rides and walks in the vicinity of Coblentz, and Ehrenbreitstein, are among the most agreeable

* See Notes to Note Book. No 8.

and picturesque that I recollect. Wander up the deep, solitary Thal of the Broad stone of Honour, and you come on the grey mouldering ruins of an ancient tower; and if you ascend the immediate ramifications of the Taunus you may still trace the roads leading to the old Roman silver mines. Downwards to the valley and chateau of Sayn, which we drove to, and further over heights or under woody banks to the modern town of Neuwied, where dwells the mediatised prince of that name; and where, if you be so inclined, you may see a curious museum of Roman antiquities, and the admirable collection of subjects in natural history gleaned by prince Maximilian when he travelled in Brazil.

If you are fond of inquiring into the habits and condition of a people who regulate their actions by strict rules, fail not to visit the house of the Hernhutters. Drive or walk along the banks of the Rhine to Lahnstein at the mouth of the Lahn, and you have not only one of the most beautiful drives amidst orchards and vineyards, but you have also the towering ruins on the left, across the Lahn, of the renowned castle

of Lahneck, standing on the abrupt heights, with all the associations of baronial feuds, legends, ghosts, fairies, and *oubliettes*, starting forth in your recollections; and on the right, its rival strong-hold of Stolzenfels, impending over the village of Capellan. You will very likely, at the same time, meet bands of brunettes, singing in full chorus, more naturally, and consequently more delightfully, at least to my unscientific ears, than all the artificial *bravura*, and squalling and roaring, and scenic fiction, of most operas.

On the point immediately below where the Lahn joins the Rhine, stand the ruins of a venerable temple; and the children that play on the adjoining bank will, if you talk to them, relate stories about the church, and the cruel French, who sacked and robbed it of its altar, and its pictures, and its treasure; and they will also lead you to little hillocks decked with flowers and with garlands;—these are the monticules of the humble dead. If you wander up along the romantic slopes and glades and woods of the Lahn, you will find spots of as wild, untrodden solitude, as if you were on the banks of

the Unjiga. From these you may stray among lawns, and woods, and rocks, until the hotel of the Four Towers, and the valley and village of Ems open before you, and dissipate all your previous reveries, amidst the beauties and sublimities of nature, in the artificial contrivances of dissipated fashion.

Drive over the Rhine to Coblentz;—stop not in that dull town; pass through the gate that opens towards the Karthaus; follow the road amid Acacias, and fruit-trees, and flowery shrubbery, until you ascend the heights of the fortress, and there you will have a charming view of woods and water; of modern houses, and ancient ruins; of the turrets and spires of Coblentz; of vineyards and corn-fields; of cattle on the hills, and of boats on the river; of the impregnable Ehrenbreitstein, and of the vast Petersberg.

Descend, and follow the road or avenue behind the ramparts of Coblentz, enter the western gate, cut off an angle of the town, make a *sortie* by the gate opposite the Moselle, cross that river by its massy stone bridge, drive amidst corn-fields and poplars to, and round, the Petersberg;

strike off by a road leading to a little pyramid which rises in the plain, on it you may read a much too long inscription, in which are embodied the impressive words :—

"Ici repose Marceau."—"Qui que tu sois, ami ou ennemi de ce jeune héros, respect ses cendres."

Recross the Moselle, and then the Rhine, by which time I am pretty sure Herr Peter Groschopp of the Weissen Ross will have prepared for you as good a *table d'hôte* dinner as Germany can boast of.

EMS-BADEN, OR BAD-EMS.

Of all points on the Rhine, Ehrenbreitstein is my favourite rallying point, from its being to travellers, what it is in the eyes of every military man, the great commanding point—the centre to go to, or arrive from, where you will, whether in Germany, or France, or Holland, or Belgium, or to return to England, either by your own carriage, by post-wagen, by diligence, or by steam-boat.

We found, however, the Weissen Ross not so attractive as last year; not that the landlord, or the house, or the attendance, or the viands, were degenerated; for all these matters were, if anywise changed, improved; and the best wild boar, and tenderest venison, and the choicest game that the woods and mountains could produce, and the finest fish of the Rhine were secured, at whatever price, by our provident host.

No: it was none of these things, that rendered Ehrenbreitstein less interesting to us than last

year:—it was, that we had not the same society. The officers of the garrisons, with their ladies, with whom we had been acquainted, had removed to other quarters. Those who replaced them had, from too great resort of not the most courteous strangers, retired from the *table d'hôte*.—There was no longer the fascination of Madame C——, nor the charming conversation of Lady K——, nor the intelligence and courtesy of Colonel D——h of the Prussian engineers. Parties came over from Ems to dine, merely because our landlord had finer game, and tenderer venison, and better brandy than was to be found in the little valley; and as cogniac with water is considered by inveterate cigar smokers and idlers, better than any other exciting fluid, they usually carried back a week's stock to their favourite *point d'appui*.

They told us that there was no accommodation to be had at the *bads* of ancient Ems; but having ever since our transient visit last year, cherished a predilection for its romantic glen, its meandering river, its wild solitary walks, and even for its donkey-rides, I resolved to be satisfied with

no evidence but my own, and I accordingly rode there early on the third morning after our arrival at the Weissen Ross. As I was descending the road winding down the abrupt green hills above the valley of Ems, I met two carriages containing our friends' General Von Sholtern and family, Captain Oxholm, and Dr. Steven.

"Where are you riding to, M——?—where are your friends?" called out the General, as I was about passing without having seen who were in the carriages.

"Oh! to Ems, to see whether I cannot find apartments. I am partial to Ems, and for three or four weeks Dr. Scott anticipates much pleasure and benefit by residing there, and drinking the waters."

"You had better return—you will neither be able to find suitable apartments, nor will you or any of your party be pleased with Ems," continued the General.

"I am sure you will detest the horrible hole," echoed Madame Von Sholtern.

"It is quite insufferable," chimed the young ladies.

" I will, at all events, go and see, as I am so near.—You will find our friends at the Weissen Ross—I will join you at dinner," said I. They accordingly mounted the hill, and I descended into the valley. As I passed the Hotel d'Angleterre, it was then not quite breakfast-time. Here and there were sitting on the balcony, several unshaven personages, in negligée morning dresses, smoking cigars and drinking seltzerwater. Their jaded rake-like faces indicated too well that the night was one of debauch. I put up my horse at the Russian Hotel, and as the band was playing at the promenade, I walked to its extremity, and then to the well-room. Both were crowded with palsied veterans, haggard-aged, and middle-aged dames, and languid sickly-looking girls—the victims of seven or eight months raking, of parties, balls, and late hours. Consumptive young married women were sauntering in carelessly-put-on habiliments. Bloated suspicious-looking characters and *chevaliers d'industrie* of various castes and countries, were already hanging around the gambling-house. Lazy groups were drinking the waters; young

scamps and old leering bachelors, were flattering the shop-women. In a little time the band ceased, and the water-drinkers, walkers, loungers, and gamblers vanished to their hotels or apartments. I returned to the Russian Hof, had breakfast, and set about inquiring for apartments. I found all charges nearly doubled since the preceding year. The landlords and the waiters, who, I am told, have never been remarkable for courtesy, had now, in consequence of the ceaseless demand for apartments and attendance, become indifferent to our requests, and served us only when it suited their convenience. I soon discovered that Bad-Ems was not this year for us. The three hundred-bedded Kurhaus was full. I was shown apartments in it (far from being equal to those we paid fourteen francs for at Spa) which I could secure by taking them four days in advance, for twenty florins, about forty-two francs a-day; and that most complaisant landlady, she of the 'Four Towers,' said, "I have splendid apartments for thirty florins, occupied by a charming Portuguese Countess, who, with her beautiful daughters, annu-

ally visits Ems. The Countess is so amiable, that to oblige me, she will give up her apartment for a smaller one, on the day you wish to come, provided you now engage them." I saw the apartments, and also the amiable Countess, with her two dark-eyed daughters. She apologized for the deranged state of the rooms, and said, to the great discomfiture of her hostess—

"Je m' ennuyé d'ici, Monsieur: Je partirai tout à l'heure pour Schwalbach."

I bowed, bade good morning, resolved to return to Ehrenbreitstein, and then to imitate the countess by going on to Schwalbach.

As I ascended the hills of Ems, I could not help, on viewing the beautiful and romantic scenery, but reflect on all that was going forward in the narrow glen beneath.

It was grievous to know that so many from the British isles were there, as at Aix-la-chapelle, in ignoble indulgence and dissipation, squandering the money, the producing of which exhausted the labour and means of an industrious, and, especially in Ireland, a poverty-stricken tenantry.

Ems, meditated I, as I jogged onwards, Nature has given thee all the charms of scenery, and mineral waters long renowned; thy vicinity abounds with pleasant walks, and sylvan beauty; but man, down to thy romantic vale, hath conveyed extravagance, profligacy, and the most ruinous of vices.

EHRENBREITSTEIN TO SCHWALBACH.

We re-assembled again at the Weissen Ross. The General's family, and friends, and our party made excursions to Sayn, and to some of the many other charming spots, among the hills, or along the Rhine. The hour at length came when it must needs that we should part.

Von Sholtern was required at his government in the West-Indies. His plan for freeing the slaves of Santa Cruz, and St. Thomas, and of admitting the well-behaved negroes and coloured people to equal rights, and to the same society as Europeans, was about to be put into effectual practice by order of his Majesty of Denmark.

The Governor therefore departed with his family, and Oxholm and Steven for Copenhagen; and early the same morning, we ascended from Thal-Ehrenbreitstein, over the green and woody heights of Nassau to Ems.

Numerous detachments of Prussian troops were

moving, in slow marching order, along the roads. It would seem as if they had taken possession of the Grand Duchy. We were told that they were merely sent out from the garrisons of Coblentz, on fatigue exercise. "His Majesty of Prussia," will not allow" said the postilion, "either his soldiers, or officers, to become familiar with idleness."

Having made a very early breakfast, I travelled from Ems without further delay than walking through the valley and getting into the Coupé of the eil-wagen; the rest of my party remained to breakfast at the Russian hotel.

The country from Ems to Nassau, following the winding road along the Lahn is, as all *Cacoëthes Scribendi* Tourists have told, enchantingly rich, and diversified, in picturesque scenery. After crossing the iron bridge, opposite the vast ruins of the feudal strong hold of Nassau, I walked up the long, steep, and tedious heights, which led me from the country of vineyards, to a much colder region; and, then, winded my way sometimes in the eil-wagen, sometimes on foot by an excellent Macadamised road, (for the system of

that celebrated highwayman Macadam, is now extending generally over Germany), towards Schwalbach.

The country now became comparatively tame; the sky above was brightly blue; a few lazy clouds showed their fleecy summits to the west; flocks of from one to two hundred sheep were busy biting the short grass of the verdant hills; while the weather-faced shepherds in blue frocks, leant on their hooked staffs, and their dogs barked and yelped to gather in the bleating truants.

The country looked poor, and the crops light; yet the novelty was interesting. I loitered on the road, and directed the heavy-booted, glaze-capped, and gaudy blue orange and buck-skin clad, and tasselled postilion, of the eil-wagen to go on, as he sounded his bugle, without me.

"I am now," said I, "on the elevated *plateau* of Nassau, and I will see how the country is cultivated, and how the people live."

A few stunted apple trees, bearing dwarf fruit, grew along the road, and flourished, overloaded in the undulated shelter. A dark clump of

wood appeared now and then in the hollows, and occasionally on the hills. A schistus, and sometimes a serpentine formation, covered with a sterile coating, prevailed. Masses of quartz, occurred near Schwalbach; sandstone lay broken in heaps to Macadamize the road. I met carts drawn by cows; and those very heavily laden with stones had, besides the yoke of milchers, a horse in traces before them. The cottages which lay in the sheltered valleys were scarcely seen until I was descending almost abruptly over them.

The oat-crop was light; the wheat tolerable; the potatoes a little better, and the beets and turnips poor. No flowers, and no shrubbery decorated little gardens or cottages. The peasantry were ill-clad and ill-favoured—with singey-coloured hair, sallow complexions, flat faces, and snub noses.

I talked to several of them. On remarking how dry and barren the soil was, they said that, "the heavy night-dews nourished the drouthy crops, and that they paid a land-tax in kind into the tithe-barns of, and a house-tax to, their

GROSS—HERZOG." In cutting down their corn they use a sickle without teeth, and sometimes a cradle. They yoke the cows to the plough, "for," said they, "we do not receive sufficient fodder to feed horses."

The sun was retiring in effulgent grandeur beyond the western heights, as I reached the abrupt eminence which impends over Langen Schwalbach. Below was the buzzing sound of congregated man—of closing labour, as it plodded inwards from the fields to the valley beneath. As I entered the village, a long-snouted, greyhound-legged, cloven-footed multitude came rushing and squealing past me. The whole herd flew into the valley, and separated into a hundred different courses. A most singular looking old man, attended by a boy, followed. An aged woman, who observed me standing still, I suppose, in something like an attitude of amazement, said "Mei ir Herr, das ist der SCHWEIN GENERAL."

LANGEN SCHWALBACH.

The inns of Schwalbach were all crowded, but we found tolerably good apartments at a lodging house, called the Berliner-hof: all the houses here are termed *hofs*. The rest of my party preferred dining in their sitting-room—I usually went to the *table d'hôte* of the principal hotel.

Had not the Old Man sent forth to the world, in his delightful "Bubbles," an account of Schwalbach, more entertaining than will ever again gurgle away from its Wein, Pauline, Roetel, Nuptial, Linden, Brodelquelle, and Stahl brunnens,* I would note down in detail all I could say about Schwalbach, its charming valley, its romantic glen, its wooded banks, and its picturesque walks and rides. I would lead go-abroad and stay-at-home travellers to the hoary towering ruins of the castle built by Adolphus of Nassau, for the

* See notes to My Note Book. No. 8*.

nun who dressed his wounds after a bloody battle; — to the meadows of the Aar, and the high mountain-cresting ruins of Hohenstein—to Weisen — to Brünchen—to Schön-baum — to Ehren-baum—to the Rustic Pavilion, and to the triple Echo.

I would say something of the pigs that are called out like hounds from their kennel, at the sound of the Schwein-General's horn, and of the cows and the herdsmen, who diurnally go to the hills in the morn, and return to the valley as the setting sun retires behind the wooded west: of its lounging places, shades, shops, baths, and ball-room: of its new hotels, fantastic old wood and plaster houses, and its almost secluded gambling-room.

Thanks, therefore, to the Old Man, who leaves me only to tell, that he has not deceived us in our anticipation of Langen Schwalbach; that we rose early in the beautiful clear tranquil mornings, when the Schwein-General and the Cow-herd were assembling their respective charges; that we walked to the Weinborn, drank a full glass of its piquant water, promenaded and loitered up

and down the valley, while the grand band of wind instruments played exquisite selections, first from the heavenly Requiem, and then alternately from the most spirited and pathetic compositions of Weber and Mozart. The minor band in the opposite valley occasionally struck in while the grand band ceased. The execution, expression, and power of the divine music—of the heart-stirring melodies, produced an effect that seemed the enchantment of fairy-land — of Apollo and the celestial nine amid the dales, visiting and transforming into Parnassus and Helicon the groves hills and wells of Nassau. We afterwards walked to the Pauline, drank there another glassful of its delicious sparkling water: then strayed up to the woody glen, and ascended and descended the brow of the ridge that separates the valleys. The quiet Germans in forest caps, and drab, or other coloured frocks, their wives and daughters in plain becoming attire, were at the same time moving up and down the promenades. Here was a prince—there a duke—a baron—a field officer; yonder a princess — a duchess — a countess, with their

daughters; all unassuming—no show of arrogance—no ostentation. Between eight and nine, this stream of human existence flowed gently down the valley towards the hotels and lodging houses, and after drinking another glass of the water that bubbles in the Pauline, we returned to our Hof, with appetites toned and braced, in keen avidity for breakfast.

We afterwards, if the day was hot, remained within doors reading, or lounged under the colonnade, while the invalids were soaking in the red decoction of the Stahl-Brunnen. If the weather was cool, the walks and rides were temptingly inviting. We dined a little after one o'clock. At the *table d'hôte* of the *Allee-Saal*, an agreeable and social public dinner-table, there sat several of the unpretending-mannered nobility of Germany. There were also two or three *distingué* English families, who had travelled over a great part of the Continent, and who knew how, and were willingly disposed, to please; and consequently, were agreeable.

In my dinner chit-chat I may notice two of the company who attracted some attention. The one

a giddy, fidgetty, unequal-tempered, naturally very pretty, young married woman, with all the airs of a pert girl who had just finished her education at an expensive boarding school, and at the ostentatious expense of rich vulgar parents. Notwithstanding the cost of her seven years' education, she was ignorant of the most common knowledge. She scolded her maid, teazed her husband, and tormented an unhappy black cat. Every thing handed or offered her at dinner was "bad," and "hard," and "nasty;" she "hated the place, and the people, and all who spoke German."

The other was a woman of about forty-five: of the dumpy stature, and of well-fed dimensions. She was always dressed in rustling silks—wore several jewelled and massy rings on the fingers of both hands; huge gold drops fell pendent from her red ears; a sort of tiara rose over her wig; a watch, partly concealed beneath a ceinture, was attached to a heavy chain, which doubled over a costly necklace, arranged in full display over gorgeous and by no means concealed shoulders and bosom.

This personage travelled alone in a very *dashing* London-made chariot; she was attended by a well-dressed gipsey-eyed maid, and a gaily liveried footman—each of whom seemed to have very much their own way. She seemed remarkably good tempered and generous in her disposition. To an elderly naval officer who had walked all the land-route from Brussels, and who was setting out on a pedestrian tour to Switzerland, she offered a seat in her carriage, which the man-of-war's man politely declined. She delighted to hear herself talk: it was evident that vanity was her paramount weakness, and that flattery was sweet to her heart. Rich she was, of that there was no doubt. But on saying that she "carriaged all the way up that there Rhine, and was at all them *Brinhons*, and could not never recollect them French places' names,"—with her invariable *is* for *are*, *was* for *were*, and all the singulars for the plurals, she proclaimed that she had not had the seven years finishing which completed the young pert who teazed her passive husband, and worried the black cat.

SUNDAY; AND THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

EARLY on the first Sabbath-day that we passed at Langen Schwalbach, a solemn psalmody, sung in the slow measure of Martin Luther's hymn, suddenly broke forth in the decent little church that reared its pigmy spire opposite my bed-room window. It was a clear, tranquil morning, and all nature reposed in peace, innocence, and love. Yet so loudly, so deeply, and so highly was the adoration and praise of the Deity sung, that the hills resounded, and the whole valley was filled with the devotional chorus.

As I entered the church the psalmody was about ending. All were straining their best, and not unharmonious, efforts in the spirit of love, gratitude, and faith, in the holy song. The congregation consisted of scarcely any others but the villagers, who, in their homely Sunday garb, made up chiefly of their own domestic cloth and linen, presented an assem-

blage of decent worth, to me always respectable. They listened to the impressive, moral, but not argumentative, discourse that followed, with a reverence that carried me back to the days of my youth, when I sat within a humble Scottish kirk, amidst all the collected parishioners, who, in their devotion and manner, and homely garb very closely resembled those who worshipped their God within the roof of the Lutheran kirk of Langen Schwalbach.

Another psalm, and a short prayer, closed the service. The "kirk skailed;" anglice, the congregation separated, and walked quietly to their several dwellings, and I returned to mine, delighted in believing that while the lowly hand-labouring inhabitants of Nassau continue to feel, and to observe, the same spirit of adoration towards their Creator, they will remain a people virtuous in their habits, happy in themselves, and respected by the good.

Towards the evening of the same day, as we were sitting at the front window of our room, a procession moved slowly down the valley. Two elderly persons—a man and a woman—led

the way. A little coffin, covered with a white pall, and decorated with festoons of roses and wild flowers, was borne along by two boys and two girls. Several children, carrying wreaths and garlands, followed. Some twenty grown up people of both sexes walked in the rear.

It was the funeral of a child, whose pure spirit had fled to heaven at the age of two years and as many months; that most interesting, and to a parent, most endearing period of life, when it had begun to lisp its growing wishes, and to prattle with its mother as it played in her lap, and with its father as it waked him in the morning, and dangled about his knees on his return at eve; or as it toddled about in the day with its brother and its sister and its little neighbours on the green grass plat, and dabbled with its hands in the little brook, and with its compeers made first attempts at raising puny mill-dams.

I accompanied the procession as it walked in solemn gravity towards the old "kirk-yard" —that in which the departed villagers, Calvinists and Lutherans, Catholics and Jews, as the

Old Man truly says, "end their worldly differences by soundly sleeping together side by side" —where "earth to earth" finally allays their passions, and equalizes their distinctions.

On arriving at the grave I observed there was to be no funeral service, as the parents who now bent in tearless melancholy over the white coffin were Calvinists. Of the children who bore along the little corpse, one of the boys, about seven years old, was the brother, and the eldest girl, between five and six, was the sister, of the deceased child—the other boys and girls had been its playmates.

The brother and the sister looked into the little pit, and asked their parents what was the hole made for, but they answered not. Two persons then began to lift the coffin, and by the help of strings were about lowering it into its narrow house. At this moment the boy and girl clasped the coffin, and sobbed, and screamed out—"Nein! nein!—mein bruder—mein Ludwig —mein ein ziger!"—No! no!—my brother—my Ludwig—my own—no, you sha'n't put Ludwig in the hole!

The scene was more tenderly afflicting than aught I had ever witnessed.

The meek clergyman, whom I had heard in the morning, and whom the little ones all respected and loved, at length disengaged both the children, and led them away. He soothed them, as he well knew how. He gained their attention by delineating a pleasing and vivid picture of their little brother Ludwig's happiness—that the Ludwig they loved, and that played with them, was now in Heaven, with angels in glory, and looking down upon his mamma and papa, and his brother and sister. That what was in the little trunk was only a part of Ludwig, like wet and dirty clothes, which the sooner we throw off, the more pleasant do we feel.

The little corpse was at length interred, the mould rose in a small hillock, over which were arranged the festoons and the garlands to mark and decorate the grave. The villagers, sincere in their condolence, although somewhat too delicate for rustic handling, led off the mourning parents from a spot to which their yearning hearts will always fondly cling.

THE EXCURSION.

HAVING remained at Langen Schwalbach fully as long as the portion of time we had allotted to other places on our route would admit, we prepared for departure; and, as Doctor Scott was but in feeble health, and as none of the party except myself were able to endure much fatigue, I found it would be necessary for me hereafter, particularly in Switzerland, to make several excursions alone.

I accordingly left them to find their way to Wiesbaden, and I on foot, ascended, not without lingering looks behind, from the valley of Langen Schwalbach.

If we but remark attentively the incidents and objects that occur as we pass along even on the most common track, we shall on recapitulating and reflecting on them afterwards be astonished at their multiplicity and interest.

On wending along the little path that leads

through the flowers, and shrubs, and the grass-plat, to the Wein Brunnen, a fair-haired bare-footed girl was sobbing below over an inverted basket and some half dozen broken *krüge* scattered on the road, which utensils had, with the basket, fallen from her head as she was carrying them home, filled with the sparkling water of the Pauline. She dreaded returning with or without the broken *krüge*, and stood and sobbed on; I asked her—what was the matter?—she looked at the fragments and eyeing me, sobbed again and said "*die Mineralwasser Krüge zerfallen—zerbrochen!*"

The bands were at the moment playing the most divine selections from Mozart. The morning was tranquil and beautiful—the water-drinkers, and the visitors were loitering in their dishabilles along the walks, or at the Brunnens—all in the valley seemed happy, except this poor girl.

"And she shall be happy too," thought I—and telling her to cease crying, and to replace her *krüge* at one of the shops, I gave her as many *Groschen* as would pay for them.

One of the most mischievous evils, yet a common practice with parents, is punishing their children for accidents. Were they in kind language to caution them to be more careful, and to explain to them the loss occasioned, the consequence would be very different. The fear of breaking dishes, or spilling liquids, or doing any thing accidentally, for which young people are certain of being punished, will not only the more readily precipitate them into what they are attempting to avoid, but deceit will most likely follow. The cause of this unhappy evil, parents should seriously consider how to avoid. To escape a whipping, there are few children but will tell a falsehood; and having *once* found benefit from an untruth, they will not only become ingenious and practised liars, but their characters will, most probably through life, be tinged, if not imbued, with deception.

The music had ceased, and I continued reflecting on what the girl with her broken *krüge* of *mineralwasser* afforded me a text for,—the mischiefs and misery occasioned by an erroneous fire-side education—that which is acquired by

imitation, or impressed on children within the parental threshold—an education of more importance than all that was ever learnt at boarding-schools or colleges. How just was the reply of Madame Campan to Napoleon, when he asked her—"What futher did the young ladies of France require for their instruction."

"Mothers, Sire—Nothing further."

"I comprehend you perfectly," said the Emperor, "and," continued he, "let it, therefore, be your care, my dear Madame Campan, to provide the future daughters of France with mothers."

I had now reached the height of the Taunus, above Schwalbach on the Schlangenbaden road, and a rustic pavilion, with a thatched roof, supported by eight rough posts, with seats round a central table, invited me to rest. From this spot I overlooked a vast extent of the undulated elevated country of Nassau. Behind me, in the long valley, reposed the straggling quiet village I had left. On my right lay one of the deep glens that branch from it, with its plat of green grass extending along the bottom, and with its

wild wooded banks, and the sylvan-winding paths by which I had roved and loved to wander. The herd of village cows, followed by the man and women who tended them, were obedient to the blast of his tin horn, and the jingling of the 'six-ringed stick,' moving homewards, as is their custom three times a-day, to deliver up the milk gathered while browzing in the woods. The reapers were busy cutting down wheat and rye; there were more than one light cart dragged by two cows carrying off the stooked corn to the village, and to the *Herzog's* barns; the shepherd and his dog drove the common flock in upon the fields, and followed closely on the ground as the sheaves were removed to the corn-cart; and as the grass blades were nibbled up by the sheep, the plough, with its two handles, as many wheels, and a shifting mould-board, was dragged by two cows and a horse, and turned the brown soil over the yellow stubble. Here and there were apple trees with their overloaded branches supported by forked poles. Numerous ravines, hills capped with green trees, and the blue distant outlines

of the eastern ramifications of the Taunus, added grandeur and variety to the magnificent landscape.

A flaxen-haired, thrifty-looking woman, who ascended the mountain with a filled basket on her head, disburdened herself, and came and sat near me in the pavilion. She said that she was carrying dinner to her family, who were too far off to come home when the customary village bell at eleven o'clock rings the peasantry to their frugal dinner.

While this homely *Frau* remained resting herself, I asked her several questions relative to the food, and domestic habits of the peasantry: she was frank and sensible on these subjects.

From her, as well as from several other peasants that I have conversed with, it appears that not only the corn-growers, but vine-dressers of Nassau live on but meagre diet compared to that of the Flemings, and even of the French peasantry. A very little animal food now and then, stewed with vegetables, chiefly potatoes and herbs, or with boiled grain, forms their

chief luxury. Rye or barley bread, potatoes, milk, stewed or roasted apples, and on Sunday a very little butter or cheese, form their ordinary meal. In the corn country they seldom or never taste wine. A thin beer and sour cyder is their most dainty beverage. Even in the fertile Rheingau, and in all the vineyard country, the peasants are as effectually restrained from eating the grapes which they with such incessant labour and anxiety cultivate among the rocky precipices, as the Irish cotter is from tasting the porker he rears, or the butter and wheat his high-rented little farm yields. The peasant of Nassau again, by cooking—that is, by boiling grain with milk, stewing herbs with a little butter, makes much more of what is within his reach than the Irish cotter does.

To the peasant of Nassau again, the winter is a most dreary season—it is bitterly cold, and snow covers the ground; but it is scarcely within their power to get sufficient fuel to cook their simple meals: ceaseless labour, alone, keeps their blood in circulation. Yet Nassau is a country at least as well wooded as France, and

there are rich coal mines within a few miles of the Rhine.

I have heard many travellers lauding the Duke of Nassau; and I have read passages in books holding him up as a model for all princes to imitate. I believe he is a very quiet-mannered, unostentatious sort of gentleman. I know he descends from his elevated hunting seat, *die Platte*, to dine at the *table d'hôte* of the Kursaal, and that by so doing he adds greatly to the receipts of the provender-chief of that vast gourmandising establishment: nor do I deny that he is a very constant husband, a kind father, and that high-bred sportsmen are permitted to range over his hunting grounds. But I cannot forget my conversations with, nor the poverty, and mud-built habitations of his vassals, the peasantry; nor that Nassau has as fair a proportion of rich soil as any country, with extensive woods, and great mineral riches; that besides all the crops common in England, the Rheingau and many other spots yield maize, vines, tobacco, buck-wheat, and the most delicious stone fruits;—that although the forests abound with fallen trees and

underwood, if when the peasants are perishing with cold, a stick is carried off, a severe punishment follows; that pulling up even a handful of grass growing among the trees, or gathering the falling leaves, is visited with equal severity; and that the old Monastery of Eberbach is crowded with prisoners who are sent there for such peccadilloes, and scarcely with one for what constitutes a crime of magnitude.

There is also within his dominions, the last kept up of the feudal fortresses, a vast crag-cresting castle, the *holy vehme and oublictte*, renowned Marxberg.

With truth may it be said, that the *Gross Herzog* is Sovereign Lord, and supreme Cacique of Nassau. I care not to give him credit for the Kurhaus, the Kursäle, or the Höfe that he has erected, or the wells that he has covered over, when I know, that even such buildings have been constructed to add to his personal revenues; that the profits of the *Mineralwasser* are his; that the tenth sheaf of corn is his; that all that can be made out of the territory, after barely supporting the peasantry, who shiver fireless in

winter, is his: that in amassing riches he does not give his subjects the same chance as his commercial cousin, the royal banker of Orange — to whom, by the way, he is very closely allied in character.

"You have at least," I said to the good woman beside me, "the benefit of having your children well instructed; they are all at school."—"Yes" she replied "the Grand Duke is very good in that way,—he directs what the children are to learn, but their labour taken from us, from the age of six to fourteen years, is a great loss; and we find it difficult to pay the school-master. Yet, by spinning, and weaving flax, hemp, and a little wool in winter, and working very hard in summer, and living frugally, we strive to manage it. We could do pretty well if we only had fuel, and light to see to work by in the winter nights."

Such is a tolerably fair picture, I believe, of the condition of the three hundred and fifty-six thousand peasants, who pay tithe and tax, and acknowledge, uncomplaining, submission to the Lord of Nassau, and of very nearly all the subjects

of all the little *Herzöge* and great *Herzöge* of the German Confederation. The sooner the King of Prussia annihilates their power, and swallows up their consequence in his political system, the better for the peasantry: however much it may aggrandize the power and add weight to the political balance of that shrewd monarch.

The village bells began now to ring home the peasantry—the woman tramped with the basket on her head across the fields, and I walked on towards Schlangenbad.

Several carts came along with silicious stones for road-making. An old woman was busily hammering and breaking a pile of these fragments, and another, close to her, lay asleep, snoring beside the road. I met several children, all of whom awkwardly bowed and then ran or walked on. Two or three travelling carriages passed me, in one of which was a solitary wrinkled lady with her servants behind, and with innumerable band-boxes, imperials, and trunks, lashed to and suspended from her chariot.

As I turned down a wild-looking glen, overhung with dark wood, I passed the little mud-built village of Wambach. Here I saw several lean cows housed in the same wretched dwellings as the people, and a bare-footed girl came up, soon after, from a field with a quantity of grass in a large cloth, and a little scythe and rake over her shoulder. Spread bleaching on a green spot, near a well in front, there were ten pieces of very coarse homespun linen: a little sun-burnt girl with a wooden dish beside her, was sitting on a stone near the spring,—her business was, from time to time, to wet the linens; during the intervals, she read a little volume, which I asked her to show me. Her manner was unembarrassed,—she immediately handed me the book. It was one of those used in the village school, and contained, in very simple language, stories selected from the Old Testament. Absolute, thought I, as the German school system is, freedom will grow out of it. A nation can never remain degraded after the people become intelligent.

The dell now became steeper and narrower;

the rocks and mountains wilder and higher; the funereal pines darker: and on turning an angle of the road, down which a little gurgling stream purled, I met two beautifully fair German ladies on ass-back, attended each by two boys, in blue linen frocks with orange belts. A few minutes after, in the pent up recess of a gloomy hollow, two huge, white, many-windowed buildings lay on my left under the high dark mountain forest. I advanced towards them, and was soon in the court yard of the new *bad-haus*, or *Nassau-hof* of Schlangenbad.

THE SCHLANGENBAD.

Although not a little fatigued after my very interesting walk, my health certainly did not require, however much luxury might indulge in, soaking among the serpents which the "toddling old man" has so temptingly exhibited, that, whatever be the consequence, the Eves and Adams of his Paradise of Schlangenbad will, like ladies in a certain interesting way, long for an actual steeping in the fascinating fountain.

Having therefore nearly an hour of time to spend before the *table d'hôte* dinner-bell would ring; and as the dark valley in which the huge *hofs* were wedged, seemed as gloomy and certainly as silent as "the tomb of the Capulets," I deposited my little travelling bag with the *Herr Ober Kellner*, and proceeded to the well that had so miraculously renewed the health and vigour of the skin-bound heifer, the languid

virgin, the yellow dowager, and the tottering old man.

A woman led me to the spring, and there, in truth, were the Schlangens curving and frisking in their favourite brunnen. I prepared for the bath, or rather the said old *Frau* prepared the bath for me, by letting the water rush into a kind of lead-lined vat, into which, after she closed me in, I plunged. The temperature was slightly warm, the feeling delightful, and so soothing, that I think the worst-tempered man living, even the most snappish Member of Parliament, would become good natured, and in love with himself, if not with the whole world, while luxuriating in the milky, soapy, soft, Schlangen-Wasser. I cannot describe the feeling, but never did I soak so deliciously; my skin felt cleansed, and smooth and refreshed, and as if all heat and unpleasantness that I ever experienced were for ever removed from it. Never certainly were my flesh and bones enveloped in such a charming covering. No wonder that old men, dowagers, maids, heifers, horses, pigs, and snakes, delight to

wanton in such 'magical' liquor, — that this pimple, freckle, yellow, brown, red, and blotched, skin-purifier, should be in demand by the mothers and virgins of all regions.

Ye quacks of every shade—Farina, Rowland, Houbigant, Del Croix!—ye balm of Gilead impostors, and all ye patent medicine Charlatans, shrink into nothingness, disappear eternally, for the Schlangen-Wasser will supplant you all!*

"These baths," contended the old *bad-woman*, "will cure consumption, scrofula, and all diseases and discolourings that affect the skin; all internal inflammations, and all nervous complaints; impart beauty to the ugly and make the old young; make the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the garrulous silent, the melancholy joyful, and the feeble vigorous."

* The fountain of Schlangenbad owes its peculiar softness to the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda and magnesia, held with a small excess of carbonic acid in solution. To bathe it is tempered to about 27° Reaumur. The snakes, which in hot weather are remarkably numerous here, and also at Ems and most of the wood-skirted valleys of Nassau, grow at their full size to the length of about five feet.

What its effects may be on the diseased and the feeble, I hope I may never have practically to tell. With the exception of being once laid up by typhus fever in America, I recollect no illness, nor having ever had a head-ache or indigestion. Medicine I never touch, and I will endeavour to keep my frame as long in condition, as it will, by its own intrinsic natural strength, hang together, by giving exercise to mind and body, and never subjecting the stomach to the wear and tear of carrying an overloaded cargo. If this course, which has in all climates, from the frozen regions to the tropics, neither weakened my health nor depressed my spirits, fails, I am resolved that no other will succeed; and as my limbs lose their strength, and the vital organs become slow in their functions, the body must even according to its accustomed habit, and as it best can, totter on, to the end of its destined chapter.

THE GERMAN DINNER.

After the soaking and skin-mellowing which I enjoyed in the Schlangenbad, I felt myself not only purified from the dust that I had gathered on the road, but completely refreshed after the fatigue of my long walk from Schwalbach. I sauntered into the shady woods, at the sunny skirt of which, as I approached, several snakes curved inwards, from the road to the covert. I walked down to the mills and little houses below; at the foot of the former were some dozen bare-legged young and old women washing in the stream that flowed from the baths in which princes and citizens had previously steeped. At the doors of the latter, sat boys and girls cracking hazel nuts, several handfulls of which they presented me, and I, without their asking, gave them a few *kreutzers*. I turned into a shady garden, and then into a terraced shrubbery—

where there was a lady in half dress, half dishabille, knitting; and an old German in a loose robe, and grey cap, smoking a huge pipe, in solitary silence. Never did I tread a more forlorn looking spot, never did I feel myself more alone; yet I have slept for weeks in the primeval woods and wild solitudes of America.

The dinner-bell at length rung, and several beings, chiefly gouty old men, elderly haggard dames, and sickly girls, came moving slowly from shades and nooks, towards the vast *Salle à Manger* of the *Nassau-hof*. Soon after I found myself seated at a long table, laid out for at least forty persons, who, almost at the same time, took quiet possession of their respective places.

The dinner was in itself nearly a fac-simile of what all German dinners are, and if you be not in love with greasy stews, and with sour dishes, let me recommend you to taste not of the first two, if not the third course. Of the succeeding viands you may dine quite as sumptuously as any one who regards health or comfort should. All dishes are, as carried from the *Cuisine*, placed before you on the table, and then re-

moved to be carved at a sideboard. First comes the eternal soup, occasionally mucilaginous and good, but more generally sour, or oily; then you have the sapless bouilli, sweet stews, sour crout, calf's head in greasy batter, or acid sauce; stewed cabbage, stewed apples, pears, salad; raw salt Dutch herrings, and raw Hamburgh beef in slices (both the latter considered great dainties); fried puddings, and fish puddings, sausages, tongues, &c.; cutlets and kidneys (both good); then probably will appear boiled salmon, or fresh-water fish: fowls, and finally joints, as venison, a shoulder of mutton, and roast beef; after which the dessert concludes the dinner, to which you sit down at one, and rise from at three. If you dine not well, you alone must be blamed. Your wines you can choose at discretion, at prices from twenty *groschen* to four or five *thalers;* all, except those of the Rhine and Moselle, are acid and detestable. In your choice, taste, opinion, and your pocket must direct you. To me the pure white Stein wines, and the rich red Assmanshausen, are delicious, yet too costly.

The decorum of a German *table d'hôte* is admirable; no noise, no ostentation, no scrambling for choice dishes. Princes and Duchesses, and their fair daughters; Frankfort or Mainz citizens; Jews with sallow faces, and Jewesses with their incomparable dark eyes, all seem on a par of well-behaved equality at dinner. There is no cold formality, no freezing exclusion, no hurricane of laughter. If any discordance, any noise, any dissatisfaction springs up, be assured that John and Mrs. Bull, with Miss Dolly and young Jackanapes, are present.

The Germans must surely have bowels of iron. Perhaps the ferruginous Brunnens which God has so providentially given them, have steeled their insides, for of every dish do they partake,—raw herring, sour crout, fish puddings, stews, and all. No wonder they drink and lie in iron; otherwise they would rot and die at "one score and ten."

A dapper dyspeptic Liverpool merchant, who fed and drank freely, coached up to consult Abernethy about a year before that most un-Chesterfieldian member of the faculty died.

The dyspeptic began by saying, "Sir, I am E— F— of the great American firm of ——"

"I don't know them," quickly interrupted the falcon-eyed Abernethy, who immediately perceived what afflicted the animal, "they are not patients of mine—your fee, Sir—cannot listen to you." The dyspeptic put a ten pound note into the doctor's palm, which the latter, seeing the man was of the ostentatious genus, retained, and concluded abruptly—"You don't want me, Sir, —go home and keep your mouth shut and your ——— open, that's all you require." So saying he left the room: the short great man of commissions and consequence thinking, for once in his life, that there were people in the world who cared not a farthing for him or his great American firm.

The advice of Abernethy would be of service to the Germans, but it would shamefully reduce the revenues of his highness the great Herzog of Nassau.

THE TAUNUS.

One of the loftiest ridges of the Taunus rises between Wiesbaden and Schlangenbad. Leaving that mute glen, I ascended over the rocks and amidst the woods by a most difficult, abrupt, zig-zag path, accompanied, not carried, by a donkey, and guided by a bronzed urchin, to the summit, where, were it not for the thick forest, I should have had one of the most magnificent views in Germany.

It, however, required little invention to rise from that obscurity; I instantly recollected that elevation of dispute, 'Man's Hill,' at which the contested boundaries, between republican America and royal Canada and New Brunswick, meet; and which, many years ago, I ascended, with my two red-skin guides, and climbed one of the beeches on its summit to view a limitless prospect of primeval country,

"where the scope of vision ranges over the surface of boundless forests, varying in shade from the funereal hue of the firs to the bright verdure of the birch; where imagination alone penetrated underneath the silent indomitable covert, amidst the intricacies of which the traveller might suddenly wander into bewildered labyrinths, and for ever lose his way in perplexing ignorance of the course that would lead him back to ease and civilization; where the moose, carribóo, and bear safely fed and wandered, until pursued to gratify the desires, and ensnared by the wiles, of man."*

I accordingly climbed a tree at the top of the Taunus, and a more glorious prospect than I had, can scarcely be conceived by the most fanciful landscape admirer.

Down came the Rhine in full view, as it flowed by the dark Oberwald, and reaching the Maine, washed Mayence and Biberich, which, with woods and islands, and corn-fields, and vineyards, and villages, and the mighty river opening wide through the fertile Rheingau all the way to

* British America, vol. ii. p. 30.

Johannisberg, Rudesheim, and Bingen, until the verdant Niederwald above Assmanshausen, closed in its glassy surface, were all spread in magnificent splendor beneath a clear and charming sky. Several craft were floating on the river, and the steam-boat from Cologne, enlivened on deck, as I could perceive with my pocket telescope, with a gay crowd, was breasting her way up to Mainz.

Frauenstein, with its unequalled plane tree, and numerous villages, churches, and ruins, lay below me. Die Platte, Wiesbaden, and Hochheim, stood on the south east; Mont Tonnerre elevated its cloud-capped summits in the southern, and the lower Vosges rose and curved in the western, distance.

I descended from my tree, and mounted Matilda, for so was my donkey named. Guided by the boy Ernst, we filed our way through the woods for about two miles until we gained the post road to Wiesbaden, where, after having pleasing views of Die Platte and a charming country of corn-fields, woods, and orchards, and after loitering some minutes in a park where the horse

artillery of Nassau were exercising, I ensconced myself within the walls of the *Nassau-hof*—a name, I believe, which some one of the hotels bears in every village and town in the Duchy.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

I WAS leaning with my arms across, over the back of the open caleche, as the tawdry-tasselled Nassau postilion cracked, cracked on with me towards Hofheim, till I bade him crack no more until we entered Frankfort.

I then, undisturbed by cracking, fell into a tranquil reverie, enjoying and speculating amidst the delicious landscape which extends, from the height on this side of Wiesbaden, over the undulated fields and woods which deck the charming corn and wine country lying between the Taunus and the Maine and Rhine, and from the latter to the dark waving outline of the northern Vosges.

The sun, amidst the effulgent brilliancy he shed over the surrounding sky and distant horizon, was retiring gloriously beyond the western mountains. It was, in truth, such another celestial sun-set as Madame de Staël moralizes upon in her Germany: "When at eve, at the boundary of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so closely on the earth, that imagination pictures, beyond the horizon, an asylum of hope—a native land of love—and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal."

The sudden merry pealing of all the bells of all the churches of Hofheim, as suddenly dispelled my reverie. I asked the postilion what was the cause of rejoicing. He knew not—in truth I could scarcely have expected that a German postilion ever should know any thing about passing or coming events. I, however, soon learnt. The bells rang still more merrily; and an omnibus-shaped vehicle drawn by six horses, with two liveried servants in the open *coupé*, passed us on our entering Hofheim. "The strange machine," said mine host of the *Goldene Zimmer*, "carries the

wardrobe of England's Queen; she sleeps to night at Mainz, where apartments have been taken for her some days ago."

"Why not," said I, "at her cousin's of Biberich, which is so near, instead of at a dirty hotel in Mainz, which, I can tell from experience, swarms with little nocturnal chocolate-clad gentry, who will have no more respect for her Majesty than they had for my wife, who is her humble subject."

"Oh, ceremony," replied mine host—"the Queen of England will remain at Mainz until the grand Duke and the grand Duchess call and do the honours of a visit."

A blue-and-gold-coated *avant courier*, or herald, waving a white handkerchief, galloped soon after through the town; then an open carriage and six, with one or two ladies, and a gentleman; and then another open carriage and six, with her Majesty and another lady. As in duty bound I bowed, most humbly to my sovereign as she passed. Nine carriages in all formed the *cortège*. What wondrous food for the simple people of Hofheim to talk over. They

will assuredly from generation to generation, relate how the bells did so merrily ring, and how brilliant was the great Queen's equipage.

A SHAM MARQUESS.

We were anxious to engage the *premier* in the hotel d'Angleterre, a very good house in the Rossmarkt, Frankfort :—the Russian *hof*, and May's, at which I had before lodged, being both full, as were nearly all those in the free city—the celebrated first of September fair being now at hand.

Master head waiter said, in broken English, "I am very sorry dat we cannot geeve you de primeer; for de Lorh Marqeese of Fellowslee haf de hole primeer, und de ladee Marqeesesh, und de yung Lorh Marqeese, und de serfants, und der fein kareegen bees all of dem heer. You gan haf de seconde, fitch is mush de same."

We accordingly engaged the second floor apartments; "but," said I, "whoever has taken your *premier*, depend upon it neither the Marquess nor Marchioness of Wellesley are in your

hotel — they were, if the English newspapers ever tell the truth, last week in Ireland."

"Ho, yeez," continued, Herr Ober Kellner, "me praeng de book—you zeez."

The book of arrivals was accordingly brought up for us to enter our names; and therein was, in good bold hand writing, "The Marquess and Marchioness of Wellesley," and the young Lord to boot—so there was no denying the flight of the Viceroy of Ireland and his family from the Phœnix Park, Dublin, to the horse market, Frankfort.

Among other kind attentions, and hospitable politeness for which I have to thank and feel grateful to Mr. George K——, eldest son of the British Consul, was, his going immediately with me next morning to have me introduced to the Cassino, where I might read all the papers of Europe and America, converse with merchants, and with travellers from various countries.

Turning over, the day after, the leaves of the book in which were entered the names of those introduced, I there also observed that of the Marquess of Wellesley, and *he* also was introduced

by Mr. George K——. There cannot now be any doubt of it, thought I; and turning round to speak to Mr. J——n, an English gentleman who has resided for sometime at Frankfort, but who has been much in society in England and Ireland, I observed, "'tis very strange that the Marquess of Wellesley should have so suddenly left Ireland, and that no English paper notices the circumstance."

"Its all fudge," replied Mr. J——n, "your friend K—— has been imposed on, and many others. The person who passes himself for, is certainly not, (yet in the chapter of chances there is a possibility that he may become), Marquess of Wellesley. As for the sham Marchioness, there she now is, at the balcony of your hotel, *hoydening* with Master Minor, soon to be of age; and within, in his *robe de chambre*, smoking, sits the pretended Marquess, looking bloated and old. — She is certainly a handsome, strapping young woman."

Scandal, which had in a few days travelled across from the Belgian frontiers, soon reached, and was not silent at, Frankfort. On a fine

Sunday's morning two most fashionably-made carriages left the hotel d'Angleterre, and the head waiter came up to tell us that the *premier* was at our service.

FRANKFORT.

The British Minister, Mr. Cartwright, who himself perfectly comprehends the Prussian commercial, or rather political restrictive system, very courteously introduced me to those who, from long practical experience in the trade of Germany, could give me the best information, and the statements I required—especially such as relate to the operation of the Prussian Tariff, in restricting the admission of British fabrics into the German markets.

With these leading objects to attend to, and with visiting the Dom-kirch, Catholic church, Jewish synagogue, cemetery, Danneker's celebrated Ariadne, the Museum, several institutions, the gardens, and all the other lions and promenades of Frankfort, during the day; and, after dining out, (for I found in respect to hospitality, that Frankfort had, at least as regarded

me, no resemblance to the Rotter or Amster dams), going to the Opera or Theatre in the evenings, time glided delightfully, and too swiftly, away at Frankfort.

Dr. Scott being anxious to move on to Heidelberg, my wife and all my party left for that place before I could accompany them. My object was to make myself in the very place I best could, perfectly acquainted with the actual state, not only of Prussia, but of all Germany.

Frankfort, after London and Paris, appears to me one of the most delightful of capitals. It is, besides being in itself a free electoral state, the capital of the German Confederation; and although sacked and laid frequently under contribution during the French revolutionary war, and deprived of its freedom by Napoleon, it is still one of the richest cities in the world, and has, within its walls, less poverty than any other.

Its society, its probably too great luxury, its being the seat of the Germanic Diet, its central position, its vicinity to the wells of Nassau, its own charming gardens and promenades, and the beautiful surrounding country, must render it a

very agreeable residence. There is more centralization of manners, more amalgamation of ideas, more of the charm and tact of conversation, to be found in Frankfort, than in any other German town, not excepting Vienna and Berlin —cities in which the military spirit governs the manners of society; in which woman has but little influence, and consequently inferior, because unknown, attraction. All articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury, are to be had at very moderate prices. Yet I do not think that at Frankfort, housekeeping expenses, on a respectable scale, can be kept within the same limits as at Paris. At Paris dinner parties are rare — in Frankfort they are frequent; and wines, at least drinkable wines, are very costly. Butcher's meat, poultry, venison, and vegetables are sold at remarkably low prices in Frankfort and its neighbourhood. Mutton, which is excellent, is so cheap, that a joint of it is considered rather vulgar at genteel tables. Fish alone is scarce, and generally dear.

The usual dinner hour is four, and when invited, you are not considered as a fixture for

the whole evening — all are supposed to have engagements for the Opera, for concerts, or for soirées, or other amusements. This I found was the case on dining, both at the British Minister's, and at a very large and elegant dinner-party at Mr. G— K—'s. At the latter, a superb article of the pastry cook's construction graced the table. It consisted of a very light frothy kind of *omelette soufflé*. Within, it contained one of the most delicious and largest of ices. The question was, how could the exterior have been so nicely baked, while the ice remained unchanged? "Merely," said Madame K——— "by putting the whole suddenly into a red hot oven, and allowing it to remain in the exact time for the heat to penetrate the surrounding *omelette*, but not an instant longer. Hence the name *Glace au four*."

Nowhere have I seen dinner more elegantly served than at Frankfort. All the dessert, which usually consists of a great variety of the most delicious fruits, is at once, before any other dishes are served, tastefully arranged on the table. A large vase, crowned with the prettiest

and gayest flowers, adorns the centre, and probably two lesser ones, similarly enriched, stand, one each, midway between the larger vase and the respective ends of the table. Soup, and a variety of made dishes and innumerable vegetables are then served. The finest Hock and Stein wines are at the same time handed freely round; fish, venison, partridges, fowls, tongue, ham, &c., compete with each other as to which will succeed in best pleasing the epicureanism of modern luxury; then comes pastry in all shapes and varieties; and then the dessert.

At Mr. K—'s, I forget what Madame named the fish served up. It was about the size of an ordinary salmon, rich, tender, and, in resemblance and taste, very much like the delicious white fish of lake Ontario. It was caught in the Rhine and sent up from Mainz — the fish market of Frankfort being generally not well or regularly supplied.

We did not, as in France, and generally on the Continent, rise from the table when the ladies did; but sat, probably an hour afterwards, talking on various matters of general interest, over

the finest of Rhenish wines. I had often drunk red hock, or Assmanshausen before, but never any so fine and rich as on this occasion: it was of the vintage of 1831. I am told that nowhere (and *crede mihi experto*) can you have the Rhine wine in such perfection, as at the tables of the principal families of Frankfort.

We joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and there had coffee and *chasse café.* I chatted a quarter of an hour with Madame K—, who is a most interesting lady, young, and in face, with more of the Spanish than German expression.

We separated soon after. Some drove in their carriages to one of the pretty spots in the neighbourhood,—some to Soirées,—and I went, and was delighted at the Opera.

Two events create general interest in regard to Frankfort, all over Germany—these are the sitting of the Germanic Diet,* and the Fair.

In political matters there is great sensation

* See notes to the Note Book, No. 9.

at the present time. Frankfort, proud of her free name and proud stand, is on the point of being bound within the Prussian *Cordon*. In consequence of the riotous attempt at revolution by some mad students from Heidelberg and the mustering of a few villagers from Bonames, the black-buskined and white-uniformed soldiers of Austria fill the *Casernes* of Sachsenhausen on the one side; while the blues of Prussia hold sentry and possession at the gates of the other. The civic or burgher guard of the city, which generally musters and exercises in the evenings in the horse market before our windows, form, at the same time, an exceedingly handsome and martial looking corps, in uniform and accoutrements remarkably well provided, and, seemingly at least, more than sufficient to preserve the public tranquillity.

The rival Fair established within half an hour's drive, at the coachmaking town of Offenbach, has risen lately in formidable and almost ruinous competition with that of Frankfort.

Heavy speculations had been made in the Spanish funds, and news of the disastrous re-

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action at Paris and London had just reached Frankfort, where, however, I heard many persons consoling themselves, by saying, that Rothschild would alone, in Germany, suffer; as he had even at Berlin made sales to the amount of seven millions of piastres, and that the Prussian government were resolved not to allow the transaction the benefit of legality. Whether this be true, I know not: but that Baron Rothschild had one of the most splendid dinner-parties imaginable, at his country chateau on the occasion, I have no hesitation in saying.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

I HAVE been told here that, whatever be the gains or losses of the three Rothschilds, all are shared alike by the family, and belong alike to the same common stock, although each negociates separately during the current year. This is the opinion at Frankfort, the place that gave birth to those extraordinary money dealers.

At the commencement of the wars of the French Revolution their father Moses Rothschild (*Anglice* Redchild) was a small banker or money lender, living in an obscure part of Frankfort. He had established a character of strict probity, and would, no doubt, have amassed a large fortune, and have enriched his family, although events had never so eminently served him.

His eldest son Nathan Meyer, whom he sent to England, commenced business in Manchester, partly as a small manufacturer, but chiefly as a broker, or commission agent, in the way of

purchasing the fabrics of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and shipping them for Frankfort to supply the German market. This was a thriving business enough, until the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees crushed it and the trade of Frankfort at the same time. Another son, Solomon, was sent to Paris, where he commenced business as a money dealer and *negociant*. The third son remained at home with his father.

When the French armies crossed the Rhine, most of the German princes were driven from their territories—among others the sovereign of Hesse Cassel; who carried his jewels and money hastily with him to Frankfort, in order, if possible, to deposit them where they would be most likely to escape the French. The reputable character of the humble Jew, Moses Rothschild, induced the Prince to call upon him for the purpose of depositing with him his treasure, in value some millions of *Thalers*. Rothschild at once refused accepting so dangerous a responsibility, for the French troops were advancing fast to the city. The Prince, who would not even take a receipt for them, at last urged Moses

to take charge of the money and jewels; and the French army was actually entering Frankfort at the moment that Rothschild succeeded in burying the Prince's treasure in a corner of his little garden.

His own property which, in goods and money, was worth about forty thousand Thalers, he did not hide, well knowing that if he did so, a strict search would be made, and that not only his own, but the Prince's hoard would be discovered and plundered.

The Republicans, who, like the Philistines of old, fell upon Rothschild, left him not one Thaler's value of his own money or property. In truth he was, like all the other Jews and citizens, reduced to utter poverty: but the Prince's treasure was safe; and sometime after the French army marched out from Frankfort, Rothschild commenced again in a small way as a banker, increasing his business cautiously, by means of the Prince's money, until the year 1802, when the latter returned to Frankfort on his way to Cassel.

He had heard and read in the Gazettes, that the

French had despoiled Rothschild of every thing he possessed; and, consequently, he considered that his own must have inevitably gone. He however called, without any hope, on the honest Jew, and when he asked Moses "if the robbers took all?" great was his joy, when the latter replied, "not one Kreutzer; I have all the jewels, which I secured untouched, in a strong chest: and the money I have also, with five per cent besides for your Highness, from the day that you put your confidence in the Jew Moses Rothschild."

He then related the whole story, and several anecdotes about the ingenuity of the *Sans culottes.*

"As I was left without a Kreutzer of mine own," continued he, "and had so much good money of your highness's idle and doing no profit; and as I could get high interest for it from the merchants, I began to use it by little and little. I have been successful; and it is now only just that you should have it all back with five per cent interest."

"No," said the Prince, "I will neither receive

the interest which your honesty offers, nor yet take my money out of your hands. The interest is not sufficient to replace what you lost to save mine; and further, my money shall be at your service for twenty years to come, at no more than two per cent interest."

At the Congress of Vienna, the Prince of Hesse Cassel held up the high character of Moses Rothschild so earnestly to the Potentates and Ministers there assembled, as to obtain from them promises of giving a preference of negociating loans to the family; and the loan of two hundred millions of Francs contracted by France to pay to the Allied Powers was accordingly intrusted to the son at Paris, the present Baron Solomon Rothschild.

Thus began their loans and negotiations on a large scale; added to which, their increasing connections and resources having enabled them to have more expeditious intelligence than all other capitalists, they have profited by their contracts, to an unprecedented extent. Mr. Rothschild of London, for instance, had information of Napoleon's escape from Elba twenty-five hours

before the British Ministry. Their first loan of 200,000,000 of Francs, contracted at Paris, was agreed for at 67 per cent, and a short time after sold at 93:— making a difference of 52,000,000 francs, on the whole amount, between the contract and sale prices.

The manners of the Rothschilds are blunt and by no means polished, nor have they much that is persuasive in speech. I allude to Baron Rothschild at Paris, and Baron Andreas Rothschild, who resides in much more than German-princely style in this city.

I find much said against the latter (Baron Andreas) in this town, but I would infer that jealousy alone causes the dislike; for innumerable are the good deeds that he and his wife do, and the assistance that he affords to his wretchedly-used nation.

SUNDAY AT FRANKFORT.

I WALKED out after breakfast, on the morning of the first Sunday I spent at Frankfort. The shops were all closed, and a calm solemnity prevailed in every street and in every part of the town. Soon after ten, the Church bells began to peal for the several congregations to assemble; and in about a quarter of an hour, the streets were filled with men and women, and little girls and boys—all with neatly bound and clasped Bibles and Prayer-books in their hands, moving on quietly to their respective places of worship. The scene reminded me of Scotland on the Sabbath day. I followed one of the full streams of human life; and found myself carried with it into the Catholic Cathedral, or Dom Kirch; the interior of which, as well as the congregation, exhibited a soberness of appearance, differing as widely from the interior of the Catholic Churches, and from the aspect and manners of the

congregations of Belgium and the south of Europe, as one of Lessing's dramas does from a farce written by Scribe.

No fanaticism was apparent. The devotion, however right or wrong the creed, (which I, like the present Sultan of Turkey, charitably leave God alone to judge) was earnest, and, I doubt not, sincere in its profession.

I left the Dom Kirch, with its decorous congregation, its Flemish paintings, and its tombs of Princes and Burgomasters, and proceeded to the great oval-formed Church of the Barefooted Carmelites (I cannot conceive how it should be so named; being only built and finished within the last half century, and being also strictly Lutheran). This fashionable and vast edifice, which has three Galleries, was thronged, and I remained until the solemn service of Luther and rather a lengthy argumentative and somewhat metaphysical sermon was over.

The streets now also exhibited very much the aspect of those of Edinburgh or Glasgow; at the hours of "*kirk skailing;*" *i. e.*, when the churches vomit forth their crowded congrega-

tions into streets and places which a few moments before were as quiet and deserted as now are those of Persepolis.

Twice do the citizens of Frankfort attend on Sunday at their several places of worship; and on their own Sabbath the Jews are not less fervent in their adoration of the Deity. I had not time to attend their synagogue, but I am told that strangers are politely attended to, and that the service and singing (much the same as at Amsterdam) have nothing very impressive or sublime, unless it be a sort of unearthly wildness in the chaunting, and the splendor of the innumerable lights which illuminate the building.

Although the shops were closed all the day, I soon found that the evening was not considered by either Catholics or Protestants as to be consecrated to religion;—that the Opera was to open, and that the Guinguettes, and the Cafés without the town, and the public gardens, and promenades, would be filled by all classes.

After dinner I went, as all who could procure

tickets did, to the Opera, and there I was certainly most ravishingly entertained.

As there never is, I believe, more than one piece performed or acted at the German Theatre, the play or opera is over early. I walked afterwards to the public gardens, where there were bands of musicians delighting the assembled citizens in the walks, and in the Guinguettes and Cafés for refreshments and for smoking. I do not recollect ever beholding a population in which there appeared so complete an absence of poverty.

THE FAIR.

THE preparations for the fair—such as erecting waterproof booths, and importing various commodities into Frankfort, to be afterwards distributed over Germany, Switzerland, and other countries—were in activity several weeks previous to its commencement on the first day of September.

The great fairs, common, in days of yore, to most parts of Europe, and still so to many of the Oriental nations, for the purpose of exchanging, or selling and purchasing of merchandise of great value, and of general as well as of sumptuous use, have, since the ninth century, given splendor, influence, and renown to Frankfort.

Here Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have congregated, and still continue to assemble; and although the restrictive system of Prussia

offers the alternative, ruin or adhesion, to the free town; yet its warehouses are now filled with Manchester cottons, Yorkshire and West of England cloths, Welsh flannels, Glasgow muslins, Paisley shawls, Liverpool crockery, Birmingham ironware, and Sheffield cutlery: with bales of American cotton, of Russian flax, and of German wool; with Virginia tobacco, West-India sugars, and St. Domingo coffee.

The hotels and lodging houses are crammed with wool and wine buyers, and sellers of goods from England; with purchasers of English cotton twist, of American cotton, and of dye stuffs from Switzerland, Baden, Bavaria, and Saxony; and with speculators of every *caste*, from the mountebank and musical Bohemian, to the manufacturer, merchant, and capitalist, who have gathered in from every corner of the German Confederation.

The fair lately established at the town of Offenbach, also on the Maine, and within the Prussian *cordon* in the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt, has risen in formidable opposition

to that of Frankfort, as the goods sold at the fair of the latter are subjected to an immediate payment in money of the heavy duty imposed by the Prussian Tariff, before those goods can enter any of the German States except Baden and Nassau; and as there remains no doubt that both the latter will be, however reluctant, compelled to give in their adhesion, Frankfort, isolated and environed by Prussian douaniers and barriers, must also inevitably join this commercial-political league.

These circumstances led me, as being essentially connected with my statistical inquiries, to have the opinions of the leading importers of British merchandize on this subject. Mr. G— K—, who, as a banker, and intelligent man of business, understands the subject, has unreservedly given me his, I think, perfectly unbiassed ideas on this, to England, very important commercial, and to the Continent of Europe great political, question. His father, the British Consul, has also, I believe, forwarded at various periods sound statements and useful information relative to the trade of England with

Frankfort, and generally with Germany, to the British Government.

In regard to the sales of merchandise manufactured in the United Kingdom and imported and sold at the fair of Frankfort, the following information, given me by Mr. Kesler, the principal importer, for many years, of Manchester goods, deserves attention.

"Even before the Prussian Tariff was enforced and extended, the fabrics of Eberfeldt, in Westphalia, injured the trade in all low-priced English woollens. The Tariff has utterly destroyed it. The cambrics and fine muslins of Switzerland come, even at Frankfort, into fair competition, and at Offenbach completely, with those of Germany, supplant those of Glasgow and Manchester.

"The cloths of Saxony, the coarse and fine goods of Eberfeldt, and the fabrics of Switzerland draw vast numbers to purchase them at Offenbach, where they buy them usually on credit, and have not to pay any sum immediately in duty. This affords buyers the great and convenient advantage of retailing, or otherwise dis-

posing of purchases made at that fair, before the day of payment arrives. Whereas they have immediately after purchasing at the fair of Frankfort to pay a heavy duty, long before they reach their homes with the merchandize. The consequence is, that in most instances the merchant at Frankfort, in order to compete with the sales at Offenbach, pays the duty for the purchaser: thus greatly increasing his risk, and rendering the business far less profitable, and much more inconvenient."

Mr. Kesler also alluded to whether England could not insist on supplying Rhenish Germany, agreeably to the negotiations of 1814 and 1815, which stipulated "that in her commerce with the Rhenish and Lombardo-Venetian countries, she (England) should have the same privileges as before the war."

"Vast quantities," he added, "of British goods used to be, until lately, purchased at our fair, and smuggled into Austria, Lombardy, and France. The present system will nearly destroy this trade, although it will be difficult

to prevent illicit commerce along the extensive boundary of Germany; yet when people get into the habit, either by necessity or free choice, of using the fabrics of any country, they will from custom and even prejudice prefer them. This would long have continued to be the case with the consumption of English goods in Germany; but now that the people, from necessity, will get into the habit of using other fabrics, they will also, by custom, become attached to, and prefer them."

Another question arises in respect to Frankfort joining the Prussian league. That is, the commercial treaty entered into between this city and Great Britain will be in that case broken. They tell me here that Prussia will take upon herself the whole responsibility of removing this obstacle. It seems to me, however, that this treaty, and the stipulations of 1814 and 1815 afford very just grounds for entering into a fair commercial treaty with Prussia, in which we might make some concessions relative to her corn and timber, and have, at the same time, reductions made on

the leading duties imposed on British fabrics. Such a resolution would be, for great political reasons, counter to the views of the court of Berlin.

PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE government of Prussia, the influence of which may be considered as supreme over all Germany, north of Switzerland and of the Austrian dominions, may be considered a perfectly intelligent and vigorous despotism. The provincial states are not legislative, although elective assemblies; they merely deliberate on such measures as the king lays before them, and give their opinion on matters that chiefly relate to raising the revenue:—they have no further voice in making the laws, for the king is the sole legislator and the fountain of all honour, and of appointments to places of trust and emolument.

The whole construction of the administration has been built up to consolidate and perpetuate absolutism of the purest, yet it must be confessed, of the most impartial, and, at present, parental character. The son of a peasant, if he

has equal merit, is as eligible, and may find is way to the first employments in the state by the same gradations, as the son of a prince.

The system of education, directed and controlled as it is by the king, through the minister of public instruction, and with the appointment of its professors and the payment of their salaries by the government, is also most admirably framed for rivetting the absolute power of the crown; nay, more, the very toleration in public worship is equally so; for the priests no matter of what faith, are all considered and treated in the same impartial point of view by the government. In fact, interest and the appointments to place all tend to strengthen the absolute government of Prussia.

If the king and the council of state want information, either relative to individuals or to detect conspiracies, there is no sacredness, it is said, in the post office; for the passports, the correspondence, and the conveyances,—that is, the police, the eilwagen, and the letter office,

are all centered, in each town and municipality, in the same bureau.*

Justice in the courts of law is so equally and so strictly administered in all civil matters, that it is next to impossible for corruption and oppression to exist in the jurisprudence of the kingdom. Unlike Russia, all persons in authority are reasonably paid, and the vigilance of the executive prevents either jobbing or bribery.

Again, unlike France, the municipal appointments are nearly all elective, and the affairs of municipalities are cheaply and righteously administered.

The Landwehr, who may be considered the national guard of Prussia; the equal parental government to which the people have been accustomed; and the very practice of an administration, which use, for at least three generations, has rendered sacred, form an awful moral

* Yet in no country on the Continent of Europe, have I travelled with less inconvenience, as regarded the public offices, passports, &c., than in Prussia. Every man knows his duty and does it. There is no annoyance from ignorance and suspicion as in Belgium, Italy, Austria, Sardinia, and Spain.

check to the abuse of that absolute power which is vested in the king.

The present monarch, also, very politically, gathers around him in his councils, and in places of honour and profit, men of science, literary fame, and jurisprudential talent. They are, however, charged with being extremely servile to all the king's views.

In fact, if the people of Prussia be content not to intermeddle with political matters, they may, in every other respect, be as free and as well governed, while the present king lives, as any population in the world. But woe be to those who question or dispute the actions of the government, or to those who dare condemn the existing order of things.

In political offences the government is inexorably arbitrary. The censorship of the press is especially despotic; and there seems no positive constitutional protection or relief for those arrested on accusation or suspicion of political offences.

That there is, strictly, no constitutional security for the duration of good government in Prussia,

is undeniable; yet, on the other hand, the moral responsibility of the king, and of his ministers is of the most serious consequence to the existence of the monarchy.

If the king and his council act unjustly and oppressively, they cannot do so by a law which relieves them of responsibility; while in France, with her most liberal of charters; with her thirty-four millions of inhabitants; with her one hundred and twenty thousand electors; and with about six hundred thousand appointments, in the gift of the ministers;—with all these appointments, communal, municipal, and departmental, not elective, but all centering in the patronage of the *port-feuilles;* a ministry, (unless the electors of France are much more virtuous than those of any country in the world) may return its own parliaments, make its own laws, and may say, as I have heard a minister say, "*si tout Lyon perisse pour la cause du gouvernement, tout Lyon perira;*" and all this "*legalement.*" Not so in Prussia:—God knows, I am no advocate for any but constitutional governments; but I now speak of the practice,

not the form of an administration; and in practice that of Prussia is, I am bound to admit, far milder than the government of France.

The aristocracy have no greater influence in the former than in the latter. The administration of Prussia seems balanced between the despotic authority of the king and the moral power of the whole nation, without any intermediate power to limit the former, or to protect the latter.

Every Prussian subject has, by the consecration of usage, the privilege of individually (not collectively) petitioning the king; but he may be arrested for such construction as may be put on the language of his petition.

As long as the people consent, generally, to have no deliberative nor representative voice in the administration, and to be governed with equal strict justice, so long, therefore, will the Prussian government continue to be the most effective in the world; provided the monarch be a prudent and vigilant man, of average intelligence and capacity of mind, of business-habits and clear judgment.*

* See notes to Note Book, No. 10.

NEW GERMAN LEAGUE.

In the German Diet it will appear evident to those who are acquainted with its proceedings, that all the smaller states are overruled by Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony; and those who will examine the recent commercial policy of Prussia, which may very properly in its extension be termed the New German League, will discover the deep and almost absolute influence which the Court of Berlin is acquiring over the whole confederation.

Prussia has, no doubt, at heart the encouragement of her domestic fabrics; but most people are not aware, that although her present Tariff nearly prohibits every article manufactured beyond the boundary of the *Cordon* of her douaniers, yet, that Saxony in particular, and some other states, throw into the markets their cloths and other fabrics in very extensive competition with those of Prussia.

That the system, as far as commerce and manufactures are in question, is false, there can be no doubt; and many people, particularly at Frankfort, seemed, in talking to me, surprised that Austria looked tamely on while Prussia was so vigilant in extending her aggrandizement.

The fact is, that the Courts of Vienna and Berlin understand each other perfectly well. They consider that all Germany should be ruled by two great powers, that of the north, and that of the south; and the policy of the present King of Prussia has been and is to connect his eastern and western dominions by throwing down the barriers of all the intermediate states, and to obtain possession of the whole outline frontier, extending between the Rhenish states and France.

He knows well, that people speaking the same language, passing to and fro, and interchanging their commodities without obstruction, interchange, at the same time, their ideas and good offices, and, in time, will naturally consider themselves the same people. In the event of public invasion or political disturbances, the weak must submit to, or will voluntarily place

themselves under the protection of the strong; and in years of tranquillity they insensibly amalgamate their interests and their feelings.

The *Mittel Verein*, or association of several states to resist the Prussian system having been broken up by mutual jealousy, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, and several smaller states, having yielded to Prussia, Baden, Nassau, and Frankfort, evidently must give, and have already virtually given, in their adhesion. It is doubtful if Hanover, Hamburgh, and Bremen, and two or three minor states hemmed in by the Prussian officers and barriers, will not also before long give in their accession.*

In regard to revenue and power, the King of Prussia may, then, be considered monarch of all North Germany. But intelligence is spreading rapidly over that country; the people are taught to read, and useful and political knowledge, whether printed in Germany or not, will reach them. If the King of Prussia, then, intends to give a free representative constitution to all Germany, and establish, instead of a multitude,

* See notes to My Note Book. No. 11.

one line of Custom-houses, with a Tariff on liberal and enlightened principles, the sooner his government swallows up all those of the confederation, the more fortunate will be the condition of the people.

FRANKFORT TO HEIDELBERG.

HAVING completed my statistical inquiries, and such other dry-bone matter of fact information as I could, relative to Germany, I left Frankfort in the *coupé*, or front section of the eil-wagen for Darmstadt.

We crossed the Maine over its massy venerable stone-bridge to the dirty Jewish quarter of Sachsenhausen. The Israelites, however, although not burghers, are now allowed to reside in any quarter of Frankfort, in which they can afford the expense of living, instead of being imprisoned after a fixed hour each night, in their still odoriferous district of uncleanness. Nay, more, their marriages are no longer limited to thirteen per annum; and henceforth and for ever they may increase, multiply, and replenish the earth, *ad libitum*, or rather *ad infinitum* if they please. How has it arisen, that notwith-

standing their endless purification laws, they are, wherever found squatted together, the filthiest of all races, not only now, but it would appear from the beginning, otherwise their code of jurisprudence would not have been so special on the subject of purgation and washing? Let them have exactly the same privileges and rights, wherever they dwell, as Christians, and habit and ambition will render them as decent.

Groups of Austrian soldiers, looking like heavy giant infants in flannel swaddling clothes and black hose, were leaning sluggishly over the parapet of the bridge, and out of the window of a huge barrack, once the palace of the Teutonic Knights.

We soon drove through the pine groves of the wood which limits the territory of the free city, and then entered the dominions of the great duke of the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, who, good easy sovereign, has farmed his customs' revenue to the politic chief of North Germany; and we found that Prussian, not Hessian, douaniers collected the duties. They and the police officers were civil enough to me—not so

however were they to Joseph the French servant, who, poor fellow, merely because he is a Frenchman, has scarcely met with a kind look since he entered Germany, and who, particularly in Prussia, has had ample opportunity of knowing how his country and everything belonging to it are detested in Germany.

The crops of this Duchy appear to have been good; the peasantry look poor, and they tell me that little is left to them, after paying the rents and other dues, of the fruits of their labour. On arriving at

DARMSTADT,

I FOUND there was no public conveyance until about four on the following morning for Heidelberg. I had, therefore, to spend seven good hours of beautiful daylight in this new-looking, formal, dull town; the green grassy streets of which are strait; the houses neat, white, and nearly of the same size; and the new palace, in which the young Gros Herzog and his fair

Duchess dwell, resembles a large respectable barrack. I visited the old palace, in which vegetate the old Great Duke, and his brother Emilius—he who was the first German Prince who worshipped Napoleon. The acute Corsican flattered the weak Hessian to join him by calling him the future king of Prussia. This vast edifice, with its broken windows, with weeds flourishing in its courts, with stones broken in and fallen, is so still and gloomy that those, whatever they are titled, must be hermits who lodge within its walls. Equally forlorn looks the vast theatre, in the construction of which the late Grand Duke expended so inconvenient a sum of money; and in a box of which, contrived so as to face the orchestra, he *fiddled* and *led* until he was bent much more crookedly than any of those caricatures of humanity which grin in the zoological gardens.

The little capitals of Germany are proverbially dull and stupid; and in Darmstadt, I was told, in a small bookseller's shop, which I entered to buy an agronomical map of the Duchy, that the people were formal, taciturn, and when they

spoke it was, ever and anon, about what their Lords and Gods, the old and the young Dukes and the young Duchess, said and did and bought and wore.

It would have been vexatious to have been delayed amidst such depressing dulness, were there not in the town a remarkably good hotel—the Grapes in the Gros Platz, to which I returned after a pleasant but rather fatiguing walk through the fields, peeping at the same time into two or three cottages, and asking information about the occupations of the inmates, until I reached the skirts of the mythological Odenwald.

I endeavoured to hire some vehicle to carry me at once to Heidelberg, as I knew that my wife and friends were impatiently waiting for me, or had probably gone on to Karlsruhe, as I remained two days longer than I expected at Frankfort. The waiter brought in four or five men, who said they would take me in one of their calashes to Heidelberg, provided I would rest at some place, midway, during the night. This I found would delay me longer than waiting for the diligence. They, simple,

slow going, but honest people, could not comprehend why I could put so much value on a few hours of time, and seemed so eager about carrying me along that they stood contriving plans for three or four hours; but they found it, they said, impossible unless I consented to rest at least four hours on the road; and that surely this could not be an objection, for the journey would be so much the easier. The truth was, that they had no means of procuring a relay of horses, and the same beast that I started with from Darmstadt, must needs drag me on to Heidelberg, a journey by far too long for any horse in Germany to perform without some hours intermediate to feed and rest. Six good men and strong, however, were congregated for nearly as many hours, conjuring how they would carry me, and anxiously repeating that I could have no objection to travel as they proposed. They must have considered me guilty of little less than blasphemy when I said to them, "I do not complain of the amount you ask, and your Great Duke might perhaps be able to force me to be carried along by you; but if he, and all

the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses that ever governed the Hessians were to go on their knees and beg of me to travel in the manner and time you say, I would not do so when it did not suit me—so you may rest assured that I will stop here until the *eil-wagen* is ready to start."

This was enough—they were evidently shocked, for they believed that their Sovereign must have been known as well in every corner of the earth, and as highly looked up to as in his own *petit-grand* Duchy.

I was left without further interruption to travel on as I pleased; and I mention this circumstance as one among many that occurred during my several journeys in different parts of Germany, which show how much less valuable time is considered in that country than in nations like England, the United States, and even France, and I may say that the general ideas entertained in these small governments for the sovereign Prince are similar.

After travelling three hours in the dark, and three more in daylight, I arrived at the sainted bridge of

HEIDELBERG.

On crossing and reaching the hotel at which my party had put up, I found that all the sublime and picturesque scenery of the pellucid Neckar, the incomparable ruins of the castle, the joyous songs of the republican Burschen, and the beautiful drives, had charms for them no longer; and that early in the morning they had started for the capital of Baden.

Having never been in Heidelberg, it would have been stupid to have driven through it without halting. So I stopped, had an excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and, then, by a zig-zag, steep, but venerably planted road, I ascended, guided by a lively lad, to the famous ruins, from which the vast prospect so often described is absolutely enchanting. The whole valley of the Neckar, the Bergstrasse, the Rhine, the distant moun-

tains of France; towns, spires, villages, vineyards, cornfields, and meadows; the dark vast woods and mountains, must be seen from the gigantic ruins amidst which I trod, and on the top of which I stood, to appreciate the magnificent landscape, which I certainly should vainly attempt to pourtray.

On looking up the valley and wandering in fancy amidst the dark primeval covert, imagination easily peopled those wilds and the vast ruin with the feudal spirits of olden times; and it required but little invention to give each nook, and each mountain, and each section of the castle, its appropriate legend of mystery, chivalry, love, and bravery.

It was amidst these woods that the first rudiments of the European governments grew. Germany, formerly divided into a multitude of feudal nations (much in the same way as she now is into small confederated states) presented forms of government in all respects more popular, in many more liberal, and in some more summary arbitrary and sanguinary, than those adminis-

trations which now prevail from the Adriatic to the Baltic.

Those nations were each divided into Pagi, at the head of each of which there was a chief, judge or leader. The power of each of these Pagi was vested in the meeting of all the freemen of the Pagus, and the power of the whole nation in its Folkmote, or general assembly, called also Mycelgemote.

Here was popular universal suffrage, or representation, as fully as it now exists in Carolina or Louisiana.

But, again, a great portion of the inhabitants were villains or slaves, and not freemen; and every freeman's slave as well as each member of his family, were absolutely subject to him. Each chief or Prince was attended by a multitude of volunteer freemen, or in fact military idlers, called Ambacti, or companions, who were maintained at his expense, and fought for him in battle. When conquests were made, the general or chief divided the lands among the families of the freemen or rather military men of the Pagus. All

the lands were, in fact, annually divided among the freemen, and by them parcelled out on fixed conditions to their villains and to their non-military vassals, or Sockmen.

The subterranean dungeons, and the oubliettes*

* The *Holy Vehme* fell gradually into disuse after Charles V. introduced his scarcely (in political offences) less severe criminal code.

This bloody tribunal was an association of powerful persons secretly leagued together. It first sprung up in Wostphalia, and then spread itself over all Germany. Its sittings were held in the Baronial castles or in Church-yards. Bloody as it was, the place of its sitting was called the *Frei Stuhl* (free seat), and the tribunal itself the *Frei Gericht* (free court). Profound secrecy attended its proceedings; all that was known of them was, that they were arbitrary, bloody, and terrific. The members consisted of a *Stuhlgraf*, Supreme Judge, and fourteen or more *Frei Schöpper*, free assessors, composed of princes, nobility, and citizens—all eager to shield themselves from its atrocity by becoming members. In the fifteenth century, when the tribunal was in its acme of power, there were about 100,000 of these in the empire. The Judges, who were named the *Wissenden* (the initiated), recognized, like freemasons, each other by signs. No one knew his accuser nor his Judge—they might be his neighbours and professed friends. The members bound themselves by solemn oaths to have all brought before the tribunals who were supposed to deserve punishment, and by that oath, to "uphold and conceal the Holy Vehme, before wife and child, before father and mother, before sister and brother, before fire and wind, all that the sun

of the countless ruined castles, incontrovertibly, however, attest, notwithstanding the popular form

shineth on, and the rain wetteth, before all that floats between Heaven and earth."

The proceedings were summary.—The officers, under cover of the night, went to a castle or town, and placarded on the gates a summons to prince or citizen, commanding him, whoever he might be, to appear at the *Frei Stuhl*, to be examined on a given question. If such command was three times repeated, without obedience, the accused was condemned *par contumace*; then again summoned—and then if he did not attend, outlawed, and, if caught, hanged by the road-side. Should the condemned resist, he was pierced through the body, bound to a tree, and, with the executioner's knife sticking by him, there left, as a malefactor convicted by the *Frei Gericht*. It was at midnight in the Church yard of the place where they intended to hold a sitting that this infernal tribunal used to meet on general occasions. The church-bells announced at day-break the arrival of the dreaded Judges. All the inhabitants were by the bells summoned to assemble in an open field, sitting down in a circle, in the middle of which sat the President and Judges—the *insignia* of a sword and rope before them. When any person of bad reputation appeared in the circle, one of the Judges would walk up to him, and, tapping him with a white staff, would say—"Friend, there is as good bread to be eaten elsewhere as here." If the conscience of the accused was so clear that he did not choose to go away he might run the chance of accusation; but it was far more prudent to fly. When the Judge touched a person three times with the white wand, it was a sign that he was already secretly accused and convicted; and he was hanged at once to the next tree. The youngest Judge performed the office of executioner.

of the Saxon governments, the severity of punishments, and the insecurity of persons, at that period; and here, as I stood on the walls of one of the greatest of those strong holds, I looked down on the town below, to where stands an edifice, to which, after stamping on the celebrated tithe tun of the old Margraves, without considering it, as the women of Heidelberg do, one of the wonders of the world, I descended by giddy steps and a steep descent—not that by which I ascended—until I reached

THE UNIVERSITY.

Since the wild conception of about thirty of the students, to revolutionize Germany, the King of Prussia and nearly all the Princes of the Confederation have forbidden their subjects to study at this University; and although several of the professors, and the students generally, are romantic in their ideas of liberty, I am enabled to speak much more highly of their seat of learning than most people have

who have visited, or read of Heidelberg. The government has allowed 40,000 florins annually, and lately 84,000 florins per annum towards its maintenance; the course of instruction is far more liberal, and in some respects more extensive, than in the Prussian Universities; and most of the professors* are men of celebrity—I, for one, augur that through its instrumentality, and certain irresistible Propaganda, representative

* The celebrated Zacharaie, one of the professors at this University refused two-years ago, a lucrative appointment in another German state, the government of which is more illiberal than that of Baden. In consequence of which act of independence, and preference to his own country, the legislature, last session at its sitting at Karlsruhe voted him 1,200 florins per annum in addition to his salary. The historian Von Rotteck, who proposed the measure in the chamber, designated Zacharaie, "the most brilliant star in the firmament of Jurisprudence."

From the extreme cheapness and abundance of provisions, money at Heidelberg, and indeed all over Baden, is of more than twice its value in the market of England. There are few places that I know of, if any, where a family can live more cheaply. Several English families are now residing there, with one of whom Dr. Scott was acquainted, and who stated the price of poultry, venison, and various other articles, at prices which seemed to me incredibly low. They said also that the students were not by any means turbulent, nor annoying to the townspeople, but quite the contrary.

constitutional liberty will, notwithstanding the Prussian and Austrian policy, gradually, perhaps suddenly, spread over all Germany, and finally subvert even the military despotism of Russia.

THE PROPAGANDA.

GERMANY and Russia are, assuredly, neither to be liberalized by the "Secret Society," nor by *Carbonari*, nor yet by any such associations.

I have alluded to *Irresistible Propaganda*. What are these?

Reader! turn back to the NOTE headed "THE PHILOSOPHY OF STEAM:" In that sentence governed by the growing intelligence of man, centres the power that sends forth and multiplies *Propaganda*, which make all despots quake.

On returning from the University to the Hotel, I found in the public room a file of the *Pfennige Magazin*, in the German character and language, printed at Paris, and circulated to the extent of 18,000 copies in Germany. All the wood-cuts, familiar to me in the English edition, were stereotyped, and most faithfully transferred to the German edition.

These, said I, and such like, sent forth and circulated by the power of steam, constitute the *Irresistible Propaganda.* This is a short note. May the duration of despotism be no longer.

BADEN.

THE road from Heidelberg to Karlsruhe leads through a fertile country. The soil appears more skilfully cultivated than that of Darmstadt. The crops of wheat, barley, and pease have been gathered. The flax has been pulled, and is spread with hemp here and there in patches over the ground. Hops and Indian corn, both of excellent growth, are still standing. Tobacco seems to be extensively cultivated, and the potatoes promise a better crop than any I have seen since leaving Belgium. I have learnt that the Central Agricultural Society and its branches have done much towards improving agriculture, and especially all implements of husbandry. This was very evident to me as I entered some of the farm-yards' barns, and walked over some fields. With the exception of the district of the Black Forest, which it includes, Baden is one of

the most fruitful states in Europe. The rents are paid at rates—some as high as one tenth, others (more generally) at one twentieth, and some at one thirtieth of the produce. The public burdens are not heavy, and the people consider the government freely and impartially administered. Formerly the allowance or income of the clergy formed a heavy burden on the labouring classes. At present the ministers of religion are paid no more than sufficient to maintain them and their families in a respectable condition.

Of the wines of Baden, the red wine of Zell is delicious. There is an abundance of coal and iron in various parts of the duchy; and the Black Forest will long afford plenty of timber.

I found great advantage in having with me one of those *Agronomic* Maps, now to be had in almost every state in Germany. They give a complete draught of the country and the soil; loam is tinted black, calcareous land yellow, clay brown, sand red, and circles denote the proportions of each soil.

I travelled a part of the journey to

KARLSRUHE,

the capital of the duchy, in the *eil wagen*, in which there were two of the wildest of students on their way to Freiburg: they smoked and sung, and spoke to, and laughed at, all the girls, as we passed through the villages and small towns, and as we rolled along the flags of the little metropolis. Yet, in a few years, these youths will probably sober down into solemn parsons, lean doctors, or dull lawyers. Such is the destiny of the majority of German Burschen.

Every thing about Karlsruhe seems asleep. The palace, the stables, the gardens, the park, and the streets, all diverging from the ducal residence, are as formal as the quietest German could plan. The buildings are, however, though monotonous, well constructed, and the hotels afford excellent accommodations, and the town has a more courtly look than Darmstadt; but it is assuredly a dull place. My wife and friends were waiting impatiently for me, thinking that

I should never complete my inquiries; and on the following day we started, and passing through Radstadt, famous only for its treaty, and, mayhap, for its old ducal castle, (but at one of the inns of which were no less than two files of the *Pfennige Magazin*) we arrived by a charming picturesque road at the gay watering place of

BADEN.

THIS village we found so full, that in no inn could we get apartments. We were, however, well lodged in a private house, and had dinners from an adjoining hotel; or we might have dined *à la Carte* at Chabert's Restaurant which is in a section of the building which contains the ball-rooms and gaming-house.

"Baden," said a German baron with whom I conversed, "is celebrated for its enormous Schloss, with its subterranean passages and Oubliette, its once terrible Vehme Gericht, or secret tribunal, its sublime scenery, its hot-wells, its glorious living, its brilliant ball-room, and its enchanting hell."

To me this brief description appears strictly correct. My wife and I clambered up to the old ruins, but description sufficed us as to the caverns and courts*—the scenery of the country, as seen from those elevated heights, was magnificent, beautiful, and indeed sublime. The water—mineral water—runs steaming through the streets; the forests abound with venison and game, and the country produces abundant good things—therefore there is no difficulty in having "glorious living." The ball-rooms are certainly "brilliant," and as to the hell, it must be assuredly "enchanting," to tempt such crowds round the gaming tables, to risk and lose their money. In this respect it is a counterpart of Aix-la-Chapelle. Probably a greater number of female gamblers frequent the tables of Baden.

* Mrs. Trollope, who had more intrepidity gives a most animated description of these ruins. As an interesting guide to the parts of Germany and Belgium which she visited, her book (which I have read since the text of these notes was written) will be found useful and correct.

THE DUEL.

You may not unfrequently in Germany meet a group of young men, sometimes sauntering along the woods, and occasionally at the *table d'hôtes*, with their faces deeply scarred. These heroes have been putting courage to the proof with swords; and the rule, they say, is "that it is dishonorable to yield until a cut of an established depth and length lays open the face, generally on the cheek between the ear and eye." Four of those persons, so slashed, sat opposite to us at table last year at Ehrenbreitstein.

A few days before we arrived at Baden, a fatal duel, which I was astonished at not causing any remark or feeling of indignation, took place.

The principals were, it was said, a son of that celebrated warrior and semi-barbarian old B——; and a young Frenchman.

They were stationed at the fixed distance: they approached step by step: the Frenchman

fired and missed: the Prussian held fire until he walked up to his antagonist, and then planting the muzzle of his pistol to his adversary's forehead, blew his brains into the atmosphere.

In the evening, it is said, that the Marshal's son, who, it would seem, inherits his father's propensity, was at his usual post at the gaming table! If this be true, as every one whom I spoke to avowed, and which no one denied, a duel, however fatal, is a matter not seriously considered at Baden. Nothing, it is true, can train the heart to the same stretch of callosity as the gaming table.

THE VINTAGE.

SINCE the year 1813, the Vintages of the Rhenish countries have promised no returns like that of the present year. Many vine-growers say, that the memory of man recollects no such crops: and great is the expectation as to the quality, and yet more so as to the profit, of the vintage of 1834.

There is something cheering and happy conveyed in the word vintage. It ought, methinks, to carry gladness and plenty along with it into every peasant's cottage. In the Rhenish countries it certainly does not. I have visited most of the celebrated vineyards, and I have found that the people who planted and dressed the vines are poor in means and ill-favoured in person, and that their labour is incessant, while their food is meagre, their clothing spare, and their gains sadly disproportionate to their industry.

The truth is, that the vineyards of Germany,

(not like those of France) are the property of a few great Lords; and the cultivators, whether they be hired labourers, or pay rent for the soil, are subjected to more incessant work, more precarious subsistence, than the corn growers,—even those of the most sterile hills of Nassau.

In Baden I find not only the vine-growers, (who are much fewer in number), but the agriculturists generally, in better circumstances than in any other of the Rhenish countries. But still, it is the corn harvest, and not the vintage, that gladdens the hearts of the peasantry.

SWITZERLAND.

At length we are in Switzerland! To note all down—all I saw, all I have heard, since we arrived at, and left Baden, with its bold scenery, solitary walks, gaieties, gourmands, and gamblers, would fill my book. I have been talking with people from all parts of wholly-civilized, half-polished, and three-fourths-savage, Europe. The country from Baden to Offenburg, where we stopped to look about us, is admirably cultivated, and the scenery, as we drove along the skirts of the celebrated Black Forest, charmingly picturesque. Plenty seems to prevail all over the Duchy. I would certainly advise my friends who travel this way, to spend a day or two at Offenburg, if it were only to walk over a few miles of the surrounding agricultural country, and to drink the excellent *vin du pays*;—the deliciously rich Zell-wine, which mine honest and intelligent host of the *Hotel de Fortune*, will at a moderate cost provide.

By the way I must note down that the Innkeepers in Germany, excepting always the savage at Aix-la-Chapelle (which place, by the by, is scarcely German), are usually persons of very extensive information. He who possesses and keeps the Fortune, not only speaks English, French, and his native language well, but on most points of useful knowledge I found him much more intelligent than many members of both houses of the British Parliament with whom I have casually been in contact. On rents, revenues, soils, minerals, and the laws of all the German states, and of general subjects relative to France, Switzerland, and other countries, the very obliging landlord I speak of was remarkably, yet modestly, conversant. As an agriculturist he appeared eminently intelligent. From Offenburg, we went on to Freiburg.

In the evening it rained, and after a rather late dinner at the Zaeroingerhof, I sallied forth under an umbrella to see the *lions*. I went first down to the college-ground,* and then on pass-

* I regret not having had leisure to remain a day longer at Freiburg, although I had at Karlsruhe and Offenburg received

ing the church, which is so much talked of for its spire and gothic architecture, although nearly dark, I entered—as you can Catholic temples at I believe all hours. There were candles lighted on the altar, and I walked up the aisle, which was so dark that I nearly tumbled headlong over a coffin placed with its corpse in the centre of the church. I skinned my shins, and, I believe, anathematised the cause of my pain. The people of Freiburg are remarkably superstitious, and deposit their dead a day before interment in one of the churches.

I could just see that the chapels of the church had several curious tombs, around one of which there is a group of holy personages in conversational attitudes.

The environs of Freiburg are beautiful, and the Hollenthal (valley of Hell) into which I wandered the following morning, exhibits all the frightful wildness of the Black Forest. I left my party to follow me to this country by

what might be considered full information relative to its present condition. See notes to Note Book, No. 12.

the direct highway. On my return from the Hollenthal, I travelled onwards, enjoying splendid views, first on my way through Mulheim, and then on the heights over Lorrach, which at the same time overlook the Rhine, down from Bauzenheim to Breisach, with the opposite country and the Vosges from Mulhausen to Colmar, and embrace the gigantic pinnacled outline of Switzerland, and the wooded mountains of the Schwarz-wald.

I descended by alternate steeps and gradations until I reached the great elbow of the Rhine, which I crossed over to the old city of Basel in time to escape a tremendous deluge of rain, which had well nigh floated off the carriage with my party, who arrived and joined me before nightfall at the hotel of the Three Kings, a good but extravagant inn, which actually impends over the furious stream beneath.

BASEL.

THIS city of usurers,* if we may judge of it by our inn, which in other respects is a very good

* M. Marten, a writer in a work entitled "La Suisse Picturesque," now in course of publication in numbers at Paris, says, — "The Balois are born traders, as they in Vienna are born musicians, and in Rome, poets. But at Rome and at Vienna, music and poetry seldom enrich those who cultivate them, while the commerce of Basel makes the fortunes of all those who apply themselves to trade. These parsimonious men have many of them several millions (francs) of annual revenue. One whose fortune exceeds 50,000,000 has not even a coach. He drives, *en personne*, a humble *Char-à-banc*, drawn by a horse which a plain citizen of the *Marais* in Paris would not have the assurance to venture with on a Sunday to the Bois de Boulogne.

"Each of these modern Crœsuses doubles, at least, in ten years, his capital. All speculations that afford a safe prospect of gain are seized by them—they are bankers, money-changers, brokers, dealers in wine, brandy, and all other goods—merchants, and manufacturers.

"The bankruptcies and misfortunes which often befal the manufacturers of Mulhausen and Strasbourg are fortunes to the usurers or *Loup-cerviers* of Basel.

"In travelling over the neighbouring country, if you ask to whom such a wood, house, or domain belongs, your guide on every occasion replies 'un Monsieur de Bâle.'"

one, is a most expensive place for travellers, and here also ends travelling with post horses.

The situation of our apartments is charming: the Rhine rolls rapidly underneath, and as transparent as the blue heavens above. The rain has passed away, and the weather is delightful. I have been at the so-much-extolled botanic garden, and of which I think but little; but it has a rare library. I then walked to the University, now half defunct, from the funds for its maintenance having been withdrawn in consequence of the late brutal, but, in principle, somewhat defensible insurrections. There are few new books of any value in the library or museum of the University, but it contains an extensive collection of scarce old books and original manuscripts, among others, several autograph letters and manuscripts of Luther, Zuinglius, and the manuscript of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," the margins of which are covered with embellishments by Holbein. Here are also the fragments of the celebrated painting of the Dance of Death, which was attempted ineffectually

to be restored. The chef-d'œuvre of Holbein is the Passion, in the museum of the library, almost as fresh and vigorous as ever. It forms eight subjects, painted on wood.* The portrait of Erasmus is admirable, and those of Luther and his wife, the fair nun, and of Oëcolampade are above mediocrity.

The learned and scientific institutions of Basel, once so celebrated, appear to me as if they, with the great men Erasmus, the Bernouillis, Euler, and others who distinguished them, were all doomed to the cold chambers of death, and to exist no longer but in their works.

The exterior of the cathedral church is worthy of the praise bestowed upon it, but the Reformation has destroyed and robbed its interior—nothing on earth can be more gloomy. Among other tombs is that of Erasmus, a simple elevated slab,

* The bourgeois are fond of relating anecdotes of Holbein. He was, according to them, an artist in every sense of the word. He led a joyous, thoughtless life, was fond of women and feasting, and regardless of the morrow; extreme want would alone retain him at work. The moment he got money, he was off to the Inn, and there remained until want again compelled him to work.

with the profile of the great man, and the inscription "*Christo Servitori. S. Des. Erasmo. Roterodamo.*"

The long dirty room attached to the cathedral, in which the celebrated council sat, and now used as a room to catechise the children, is shown as the chief lion of Basel.

In the Hotel de Ville there are some very curious fresco paintings; and on a pedestal, in the court, stands an admirable brass statue of the Roman General Plancus Munatius, he who founded in this part of the country the colony of Augusta Rauracorum.

The sumptuary laws of Basel formerly prohibited dancing, public amusements, and extravagant apparel. To judge of the people by present appearance, those laws, one would suppose, were still in full force.*

* There is a society of women and young girls at Basel, who assemble between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, each with their work-bags. They sit for hours knitting, and talking over the local news, little stories, and relating scandalous reports. They have tea, pastries, fruits, and often ham and cold meats, served up; for the ladies of Basel, who are really handsome, are celebrated for beauty and keen appetites. Housewives owe to

About half a league is the famous battle ground of St. Jacques, where the Swiss fought until all but six of those who were in the field fell. A rich vineyard occupies this spot, and produces the delicious red wine, called "The blood of the Swiss."

The narrow steep streets, the dulness of the town itself, the absence of any appearance of its well known riches, and of every amusement, renders Basel a town in which a traveller will not tarry long; so hiring an Italian Veturino, Signor Torti, who had a pocket-book full of recommendatory certificates from "The travelling English;" and a perfect eulogium from Captain Basil Hall, and who, having three horses, came under an engagement to travel ten leagues a-day, we started for Swiss Baden.

Anne Keller of Basel, the first methodical work, "On Cookery and House and Kitchen Management." Her *Kochbuch*, printed in 1600, in quarto, and dedicated to Louisa Julia Princess of Orange, is said to have formed the foundation of the Dutch and English cookery books.

The luxuries of the men are no other than smoking and drinking beer in silent assemblies during the evenings at the *Estaminets*.

BADEN IN ARGAU.

We travelled along the banks of the Rhine to the thundering rapids of Rhinfels, and then by way of Brugg, leaving Hapsburg in ruins on the right, crossed the swift-flowing Aar, and then the Reuss—horses, carriages, and all—on a kind of floating vat, swung from one side of the stream to the other, by a strong rope—not certainly a very safe mode of ferrying, for if the rope should break, God help the travellers.

Not one of the Badens can pretend to greater picturesque beauty than this the charming Baden of Switzerland. Its valley, its pellucid Limmat, flowing down swiftly under its covered bridge, as it carries off to the Rhine the waters of Zurich; its surrounding wooded and rocky mountains; its gardens, its vineyards, and its wells, all lend attraction to this watering place.

It is, however, far from being so gaily frequented as its namesake of the adjoining Duchy. Yet its wells are more anciently celebrated, and as

efficacious in restoring health, and invigorating the constitution. It has several excellent hotels, and about one hundred and fifty private, and five public, baths, all warm.

The mineral springs were renowned in the time of the Romans, and named by them the "thermal baths of Helvetia." Their temperature is 37° Reaumur. Quiet families are those who chiefly frequent them; for there is not here that flash and fashion, or that gambling propensity, which prevails at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Baden-Baden.*

The forms of the baths and rooms attached to them, are in imitation, on a small scale, of the

* Poggio, a Florentine writer who visited the baths in 1446, expresses great astonishment at the familiarity which prevailed among the bathers. "Both sexes," he says in a letter to his friend Leonarda Del Arrazzo, for the translation of which, see 'Le Conservateur Suisse,' a very curious book, "mingled together in the same baths, which are very much extolled for their promoting fecundity. Sterile women resort to them, with the most happy effects, from all parts." Sebastian Munster, who wrote a century afterwards, says:—"the baths of Swiss Baden are much frequented, and occasion all sorts of amusements, and all kinds of intrigues, in which vestal virgins, wives, widows, monks, abbots, priests, and men of gallantry revel." See his work in Latin, pages 391 and 392.

old Roman baths. Those called the great baths, on the left bank of the Limmat, are for bathers of *condition;* that is, those who can pay for them. The walls are garnished with crowns, armoury, &c. The lesser baths, or rather the greater in size, are on the opposite side, where the poor in crowds bathe promiscuously. There may be seen the paralytic and the crippled, and others variously disabled, soaking together in the sulphuric water. If you ask any question relative to them of the meek pastor, whom you may see walking about and consoling the unfortunate diseased poor, he will tell you "that the rich from Zurich, Berne, and Basel, generously give him donations to relieve the decrepit paupers who frequent Baden."

The citizens of Zurich of all ages are those who chiefly frequent Swiss-Baden. They resort to it as much for pleasure as for the recovery of health. That is, they come to lighten their cares, and consequently to preserve health. Formerly, it is said, the women stipulated in their marriage contracts, that they should have "the right to visit Baden, at least twice in the

year." "Mais aujourd'hui," says a French writer, "elles n'ont plus besoin de cette clause juridique." "Those" women" continues the same writer, "who would become mothers, must sit in the public baths on a certain open seat, called *Sainte Verene* (who was she?) and there remain for some hours. Formerly the bath of Ste-Verene was taken in open day. At present, principally at night, and in secret." Luke of Linda in his curious book, in which he pretends to describe the world, says, "Nature has rendered sterile all the women of that part of Helvetia which surrounds Baden. Nature again, to prevent the depopulation of the country, has provided an antidote in the baths."

AN EXCURSION.

SWISS-BADEN and its vicinity, in whichever way we may walk or ride, have attractions to delay the traveller much longer than time would permit me to loiter and to enjoy them. Legends, ruins, battle-grounds, valleys, mountains, and rapid rivers, the progress of active industry, and the habits of the people, are all interesting subjects and scenes.

In the rivers, and at the more distant lake of Halwyll, is plenty of fresh-water fish, and salmon also ascend the Aar and Limmat from the Rhine. There is also good shooting in the neighbourhood.

The wells of Schinznach, which are at the distance only of an agreeable morning ride, or even of a bracing walk, are also hot (25° R.) and sulphureous, and much frequented by the Swiss. The neighbourhood abounds in charming nooks, and close by, at the foot of the

Wulpelsberg stands in ruins the ancient castle of Hapsburg, in which were hatched, and from which, half-fledged, flew the present Imperial family of Austria.

As carriage-roads do not lead, nor even veturino horses drag, to the less frequented parts of Switzerland, which I was anxious and determined to visit; and as Signor Torti's snail progress on the great roads, and the time which the other members of our party—who, although in health, were not strong enough to encounter mountain paths,—would tarry for pleasure or rest at the capitals of Cantons, would all occupy a great portion of the month, I resolved on making an excursion over the eastern districts of Switzerland, on foot, by char-à-banc, or by water, as circumstances or fancy should direct; and then return by way of Wallenstadt and Rapperschweil to rejoin them at Zurich. In making this excursion, it was necessary that I should not be burthened with any article that would delay me, so that when I could get no conveyance I might start from wherever I should be on foot.

I therefore bade my wife and friends an early, but certainly an unwilling, adieu, on as charming a morning as ever dawned on Switzerland; and with no other loose incumbrance than my cloak rolled and tied compactly round with a string, and having within it a couple of clean shirts, as many pair of hose, and a razor, comb, tooth-brush, and soap, all rolled in a piece of buckskin; then with the end of my walking-stick passed through between the cloak and the string, I threw it over my shoulder, and, with Ebel's guide-book, a four-inch telescope in one pocket, and MY NOTE BOOK and a map in the other, I trudged away across the covered bridge of the Limmat, and commenced my journey over the mountain ridge which rises between Baden and the Rhine.

The path leads, winding in a zig-zag direction, amidst vineyards. The grapes were ripe, and hung in luxuriant clusters. As I clambered upwards, an old woman called out, in barbarous German, that I was trespassing, and, as I thought, she forbade me to touch the tempting fruit. At this moment, but not before, my

mouth watered for the juicy pendants; and, regardless of the wrinkled hag's vociferations, I committed the sin of plucking a couple of blooming branches; at the same time I was prepared to wipe off my transgression, and on the approach of the angry, withered, witch-like being, who strode vigorously towards me, I opened my hand and exhibited about ten batzen. Her passion subsided at the sight, as the surface of a muddy pond does the moment after a gust of wind has passed over it. She offered me a bunch for each batzen. I took four only, and walked on my way, leaving her with glistening eyes, idolizing the ten little copper batzen.

In less than an hour I reached the summit of the first ridge. The prospect from it was enchanting. The Limmat flowed clearly and swiftly, apparently underneath my feet; although rocks and woods, and a succession of vineyards, lay between me and the town, it seemed as if I could look down through the very chimnies, and into the baths, hotels, and chateaux. Wooded hills, rugged mountains and glens, and green fields lay scattered here and there, near and far

and as I joined the road leading to Kaiserstuhl, which passes for some distance through an arable and pasture country, children were hallooing to the cattle as they were herding them on the neighbouring hills; in another direction several men were mowing hay; two or three ploughs were at work in the adjoining fields; in the face of a precipice there were people at work quarrying stones; and a little farther on, a neatly-clad, black-eyed, lively girl was tending two beautiful speckled milk-goats, which were browzing on the declivity of a steep. As I approached the second mountain ridge, I met several carts laden with green grass, and each cart drawn by two cows and oxen. On the top of each load were one or two girls, as well as the scythes that cut, and the rakes that gathered, the grass.

I passed through two little villages, and, entering a cabaret, asked for a glass of wine. It was so sour that I could not taste it; and I supplied its place with a little kirchwasser. The day became hot, the ascent was tedious, and, on reaching the summit, I was much exhausted. The view was magnificent. I sat down on the pedestal

of an ancient stone cross, unfolded a paper in which I had wrapped a bunch of grapes, and, eating them with a biscuit, enjoyed a most refreshing repast. I crossed the road, and, from the opposite bank, sketched the scene, including the old cross, and myself sitting with staff and bundle at its foot, in the attitude of "very tired."

I then renewed my journey by a crooked difficult road, which led, among woods and rocks, through two or three villages where the people were engaged in breaking and dressing hemp. Cabbages, pumpkins, and potatoes, were, in these places, the only ungathered crops. I at length reached the banks of the Rhine, at Kaiserstuhl,* and crossing over the bridge under which the river foams and whirls, I entered the inn, named the Red Castle, which stands in a beautiful spot on a bank overhanging the Rhine.

The view from the room into which I was shown is remarkably picturesque; and an artist, who had just then planted himself a little above, was sketching the landscape. I asked for some bread and wine: the landlord's daughter at-

* Emperor's chair, supposed to be the ancient Forum Tiberii.

tended — this is a common custom in Switzerland. She was a pretty girl of about fifteen years of age, with a lively countenance, and with much naïveté of manners. She sat down in the same room, as is also customary, and took up a book and began to read. I asked her what the book was, and she replied, "Die Gottesfürchtigbuch." It was "The Pious Meditations," a book found in almost every chalet and house in Switzerland. It is attributed to Zschokke and other learned men, and written with beautiful simplicity. My interesting attendant said she was very fond of reading: she was intelligent, had read the history of her country, and could sing and play on the guitar. I asked her to sing a Swiss air for me. Without any false bashfulness she immediately did so, and very sweetly too, and accompanied her voice with the guitar. Her mother came in soon after, and the lively little *jungfrau*, said, as if proud of doing an obliging action, "Mamma, I have been singing for the gentleman, and he thanks me."—"You have done right, my child," replied the mother. This

was innocent simplicity and goodness of disposition on both sides, and as it should be between parent and child. These little incidents interest me exceedingly—far more than courts, and all that rules within the slavish confines of fashion.

ZSCHOKKE.

YOUNG Ulricha, delighted that I was pleased with her singing, and with my praising her for being so fond of reading, stept up on a chair, and stretching her arm towards a high shelf, reached two volumes which lay upon it. "These," said she, "are not pious, but they are very pleasant books. I like this one very much, the stories are so interesting. I sit up very often at night and read them over and over again." She handed me the volume. It contained two tales, written by Jean Henri Daniel Zschokke —a man of taste, learning, and genius, although scarcely, and I am surprised at it, known in England. The tales were "Alamontade" and "Jonathan Frock;" and when Ulricha said they were very interesting, she spoke truth — for, truly, no one but a man of genius, well acquainted with the heart, could have written them.

Zschokke lives now at a country house near Aarau, like a patriarch, surrounded by his family of nine children. Few men, either in Switzerland or in Germany, rank higher in the Republic of Letters. All travellers of celebrity are proud to make his acquaintance; and hospitably and cordially are they always received by the polite yet simple-mannered Zschokke. He was born in 1771, and Copsius, one of his teachers, appreciating the wonderful early exfoliation of brilliant natural abilities in his young pupil, cultivated and directed his studies with astonishing success. Zschokke was not restrained in the propensities which he, from time to time, cherished for particular studies or readings; and besides having attained an efficiency at least equal to that of the other pupils in the usual course of instruction, he was, at the age of fifteen, deeply read in the works of philosophical, biographical, and imaginative writers, especially those of Plato, Plutarch, Homer, Ossian, and the other philosophers and poets of antiquity; and even with the writings of Spinosa, Albert du Grossen, Swedenborg, as well as with the

works of the chief metaphysicians and scientific writers of Germany.

His academical studies were completed at Frankfort on the Oder; where he was chiefly confined, with a professional view, to the theological faculty. He afterwards opened, in that city, a course of special lectures on ecclesiastical history, on moral philosophy, and on natural rights, or rather, natural law. These lectures were justly appreciated for elegance, taste, and for enlightened philosophical and spiritual views, demonstrated with uncommon ability; but his political ideas not being agreeable to the minister of Public Instruction, Zschokke was compelled to abandon the course of lectures which he had so flourishingly commenced. He next appeared before the world, or rather before Germany, as the author of Abellino, or the Bandit Chief. This tragedy created scarcely less sensation than the Robbers of Schiller. He, however, I am told, now considers it as one of the wild freaks of youthful fancy. The success it has met with proves a generally contrary opinion. His next drama was Mondaleschi, founded on that atroci-

ous scene in the *Gallerie aux Cerfs* in the Palace of Fontainebleau, where the bespattered-with-flattery queen Christina of Sweden, put to death her treasurer, and gloated over the practical tragedy with less horror than a princess of the present day sits in her box witnessing the opera of Robert-le-Diable. The Man in the Iron Mask followed; and then he produced by far the best existing translation of Molière into German. The opinions of Zschokke were, however, too liberal, his conversation too candid, for the strait-laced society of Frankfort on the Oder, and disgusted with what he termed "all-monarchical, all-feudal Germany," he left the country, and retired to the sublime solitudes of the mountains, glaciers, and valleys of the Canton of the Grisons.

Here at Coire, the capital of the Canton, the Burgomaster immediately invested Zschokke with the direction of the celebrated cantonal seminary of Reichenau, where, at the same time, under the name of Gabos, Louis Philippe of Orleans, *to day* king of the French, gave lessons as a simple tutor.

Zschokke was afterwards connected with most of the political events of "his dear country Switzerland," as he feelingly terms it in conversation and in writing. In 1804, he was nominated a member of the administration of the mines, forests, and waters of Aargau; and in this canton he may be said to have lived ever since, useful to his country, and a modest ornament to human nature. I feel delighted, thanks to little Ulricha, in the idea of making so great a genius and so good a man perhaps better known to the English public.*

* Of all the works of Zschokke, that which he considers as the most meritorious, because, as he says, the most useful, is the "Swiss Messenger." It is certainly a most pleasing journal, and most simply written, in the truth of its full length title, which I translate as follows:—"The Sincere and well experienced Swiss Messenger; who relates, in his simple manner, those things which are passing in our dear country Switzerland; and also, how wise men and fools act in the World." His history of Bavaria is written in the style and dignity of the first historians; while his popular History of Switzerland, again, intended as a manual for the people, is written in the same plain manner as the Swiss Messenger.

THE EXCURSION RESUMED.

Of the two horses, four asses, and two mules which belong to Kaiserstuhl, not one was at home. Some had gone carrying picturesque-searching tourists up one of the paths of the Black Forest: the others had set off similarly employed to Schaffhausen; I had therefore to trudge forward again on foot; and paying the small charge for wine and bread to Ulricha, and telling her to continue to sing and to play on her guitar, and to read the Pious Meditations, and the entertaining tales of Switzerland and Baden, all which she promised to do, I bade her and her mother, and the Red Castle adieu. Two hours walking on the banks of the Rhine and through fields and vineyards, and then along the skirts of the Black Forest, brought me to Eglisau, a large village on the Rhine, where there is a bridge, over which the road to Zurich from Schaffhausen leads. This part of the country is subject to

shocks of earthquakes. A little distance from Eglisau, are the sulphurous wells of Oerliken, and in the vicinity, the fields have been the scene of bloody combats between the French and Austrians.

Schaffhausen was yet about twelve English miles distant; the sun would set in little less than an hour; and I could get neither horse nor conveyance at Eglisau: but the evening was beautiful, the oppressive heat of the day was over, and I again journeyed on, through fields and woods. It was getting dark as I passed through that part of the forest, in which stands, by the road-side, the boundary marks between Baden and the Canton of Schaffhausen. On ascending a little after, as the road led up an eminence, a bright irregular and peaked ridge appeared in the Southern horison. It was the outline of the snow-clad Swiss Alps; with the sun still shining brightly upon them, while at the same time the stars were brilliantly twinkling in the dark blue heavens above. The scene was effulgently sublime.

As night closed in, the feeling, on travelling

by a rather narrow road, now by open spaces, then through a dark wood, was solitary as in the forests of America. At length I heard the roaring of the cataract; but the path I trod led not close to the Rhine; and in about three-quarters of an hour, I heard the murmuring and hollow sound behind me. I was instructed to keep on the road, and then I should be safe. I descended a most tedious rocky steep: walls and houses soon after lined each side, until I reached the level. By the noise of the rushing and foaming waters I knew that I was on the very edge of the Rhine. Planks formed part of the road, the river rolled underneath; I could by the star-light merely perceive that the buildings on each side were mills, surrounded by huge logs of timber; and between the openings I could now and then see the white froth flowing downwards. Not a living thing was to be seen. All except the mighty stream was silent and at rest. It was nearly ten o'clock at night and as the ticklish path I trod led to a narrow street, an old woman with a basket in her hand was crossing it. I asked her the way

to the Goldenen Falchen. "*Gehen Sie gerade aus, an dem Ende der Strasse wenden Sie sich zur linke Hand,*" she replied. I did so; several windows now exhibited lights; but the streets were dark and rough, and my feet were, from walking, enduring great pain. A boy whom I at last met conducted me for a few batzen, over as tedious a steep as any town is curst with, to the Goldenen Falchen, the first hotel in

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

HAD I appeared at such a house in England, and in such a plight, covered with dust, and with no other luggage than a cloak made up into a bundle stuck on the end of my walking stick, I should undoubtedly have been turned out to look for shelter elsewhere. Not so at the Goldenen Falchen. I was received with as much courtesy as if I had been a prince; and shown into a very handsome bed-chamber: a warm-bath was almost instantly sent to me; and on my coming down, cleansed and refreshed, an excellent little supper was ready in the coffee-room.*

* Schaffhausen is one of the most curiously built towns in

I slept comfortably and soundly, and was called early next morning, as I desired, when a man with a caleche was in attendance to drive me down to the celebrated

FALLS OF THE RHINE.

THE wooded and rocky scenery; the steeps and vineyards; the spires and houses, and the river foaming downwards, impart picturesque and sublime magnificence to the landscape before we arrive at the cataract. I descended by an inclined path, and then by a wooden bridge walked to the old chateau or rather tower of Laufen, which stands on a rock

Europe. The site is hilly, the streets generally broad; and the houses, ornamented with paintings on the outside, have usually a tower, or rather bastion, in front, with the name of the proprietor, and often that of the architect, and the date when built. It has manufactories of cotton, and silk: also tanneries, and numerous mills turned by the Rhine. The Minster, Town-house, and the Public Library are well worth visiting. The historian Müller was born at Schaffhausen, his will is one of the most curious testamentary documents that I have seen, and certainly a curiosity.—*See Translation, Notes to Note Book.* No. 13.

in the middle of the river, a little below, and in face of the fall.

This famous cataract has been compared to Niagara. I might so compare it also; but then, it would be for me to sketch the former in the same proportion to the latter that a dwarf bears to a giant: yet the falls of Schaffhausen are most picturesquely and sublimely diversified in their descent, and are less uniform in the great *tout ensemble*, than those of the far more impressively stupendous Niagara. If time would but allow me, I could loiter for days, looking on, and sketching and lounging in this picturesque neighbourhood. I remained in the tower only so long as to sketch a tolerably correct outline of the cataract; and to look over a collection of pretty views of Rhenish Swiss scenery for sale in a room kept by the tenant, whose wife attends to shew them, as well as a large Camera Obscura, which, especially if the sun shines, exhibits a splendid view of the falls.

On returning, it being the Sabbath day, although several persons were previously fishing, all the villagers were now assembling, and with

clasped bibles and psalm-books in their hands, and habited in their Sunday clothes, were proceeding with decorous gravity to the little Lutheran church on the height above—the solemn psalmody in which had just commenced, and deeply impressive it was in the near vicinity of so sublime a scene. The deep sound of the water below seemed the bass accompaniment of those who above were singing the worship of the Deity. It is thus that devotion, whatever may be the confession of faith, is so infinitely more enthusiastic amid the wild sublimities of nature, than in cities and populous districts. The fanaticism which appeared in so many extravagant lights among the colonists of New England was not hypocrisy—it was the enthusiasm of wild devotion among savage solitudes. It disappeared when the country became thickly inhabited; as the lonely feelings of families scattered over a strange land, gave place to those of confident security, when industry overcame the difficulties of the wilderness, and when numbers guaranteed protection. In the remote districts similar fanaticism prevails at camp meetings and

other religious assemblages; and however extravagant those congregations may appear at their devotions, and although I am far from being one of those who admire them, yet I am convinced, from personal observation, that not only the preachers of whatever creed, but generally the whole of the assembled multitudes, are sincere in the spirit of their worship.

I followed the people into their decent church: the pastor was fervent in his discourse, and the congregation earnest in their attention to what he said. I remained until the sermon was over, and then drove back to the hotel at Schaffhausen, where I had a late breakfast; and then paying my bill, which for all (except the caleche) only amounted to about six shillings English, I started by the steam-boat, which left at one o'clock in the afternoon, for

CONSTANCE.

THE steam-boat is a tolerably good one, but the current is rapid, and it was only by keeping as

much as safety would allow in the eddies, that we made headway. The shores of Thurgau are fertile, undulated, and picturesque; those of Swabia wild and sterile, as described in the ruthless age which has imparted to that country a barbarous character in history. On the left, as we proceeded, we passed that famous feudal strong hold, the castle of Hohentweil, the view from which, Schreiber says, commands a prospect of the whole chain of Alps from the Vorarlberg to the Jungfrau, as well as the lake of Constance, and a great part of Swabia.

Floating on the Rhine above the falls reminded me of being in a steam-boat, a little above Buffalo; and though lake Erie and lake Constance have far different dimensions, yet the latter in picturesque beauty is infinitely superior. We had, I think, no "travelling English," as Lord Byron terms them, on board. Three Danes, a Swedish family, and several Germans and Swiss, composed the passengers. Some were going to Constance, others landed as we stopped at Diessenhoffen—a pretty little town of Thurgau, in which there is but one church,

but in which the Lutheran and Catholic pastors perform their respective services, in christian charity, during alternate hours of the Sunday. Close by are the convents of Paradise and Carolinethal, (Caroline's Valley). We halted at Stein, an agreeable looking small town on the north side, just before entering the Zeller, or Untersee. We stopped also at the beatiful vine-covered island of Reichenau. It was to the abbey of this island that Charles the Gros retired after his defeat by Charlemagne.

Before reaching Constance the Untersee contracts to a very narrow strait, between this town and that of Peterhausen, on the opposite point of Swabia. The steam-boat makes the tour of the lake after reaching Constance, but generally on the following day.

There is little to detain the traveller in the once celebrated town of Constance. An hour or two may be passed away in looking at its cathedral and some other edifices; but from the days in which the Emperor Sigismond assembled here the General Council for settling all religious disputes, which burnt John Huss, and Jerome of

Prague, Constance has been declining, and the town of Frauenfeld in the interior of the Canton, with only 2,000 inhabitants is the capital.

Thurgau is, however, one of the most populous and fertile districts of Switzerland, with no high rugged mountains—it consists of plains and valleys and hills Villages, meadows, corn-fields, vineyards, and plantations of apple and pear trees, are the prevailing features. Flax and hemp are produced in great quantities and manufactured into coarse and fine linens in the Canton, and exported to other countries. Muslin, and calico, and silk fabrics are also flourishing in the Canton.

The Lamb, where I stopped, is a tolerably good house. On the following morning I rose early and rode to the height on which stands the castle of Wolfsberg. Its situation is remarkably beautiful; it overlooks the whole of the Untersee, the Bodensee, and the island of Reichenau; and part of Swabia, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg in the distance; and on the left as we look down the Swiss shores of the Rhine, a view of the chateau of Arrenberg, in which the ex-queen

Hortense and her son Napoleon have lived for many years; and also of the chateau belonging to the duchess of Dino. At Wolfsberg there is a ferruginous spring, in taste very much resembling that of Spa; and within the chateau there is a very extensive boarding house. I am told it is admirably managed under the superintendance of a Mr. Benezil. The boarders have the use of baths, and invalids are provided, as at Swiss-Baden and Gaiss, with goat's milk.

After returning to Constance I rode, accompanied by a guide, over a richly-cultivated country embellished with villages and orchards, about twelve miles to the little thriving town of Aarbon (*Arbor Felix* of the Romans); it faces the lake and is embosomed within orchards. A boat was at the moment starting for the opposite side,—the weather was clear,—the gentle southerly breeze was fair,—my passport was correct,—and my luggage was no incumbrance, so I paid off my guide, and took my passage.

Although the banks of the lake of Constance are lower, its waters are deeper than those of

any other in Switzerland.* Between Lindau and Mehrerau it is said to be about one hundred and twenty fathoms deep. The Rhine flows swiftly through it, and the sudden gusts of wind, and those blasts sometimes like tornadoes, called *Foehn*, together with the occasional agitation of its waters, called *Ruhs*, without any visible exterior cause, render its navigation, in sailing-boats, frequently dangerous, but when the heavens are clear above, there is little to fear. We had consequently a safe passage: the boat was adroitly managed, and in about two hours and a half I was landed at Friederichshafen, within the

KINGDOM OF WÜRTEMBERG.

I EXPERIENCED no difficulty from police or custom-house officers, and as the attractions of the town, with its thousand inhabitants, and its

* The lake abounds with about twenty-five species of fish, and is frequented by numerous water fowl. Vast quantities of fish are caught immediately below the falls. See notes to Note Book No. 14.

royal chateau, consist chiefly in its scenery and its pretty situation on the lake, I only stopped to lunch at the hotel to which I was shown, and then hired a calash to carry me to

LINDAU IN BAVARIA.

THE road, which leads over the banks of the lake is, perhaps—and especially on such a fine evening as we travelled along it—one of the most beautiful in Europe. Before descending towards the bridge of Lindau the sun was setting, and the reflection in the lake of the shores of Thurgau, St. Gall, and the country about Rheineck, with the vast clear distant outline of the Swiss and Rhætian Alps and inferior mountains, formed a landscape so magnificent and varied, that to attempt description would be folly. Lindau is on a small island, to which we crossed by a long bridge. Its superb position has been always justly admired. In its Inn I supped and slept, and next morning, as the sun was rising gloriously over the Vorarlberg,

I started in a boat manned with two rowers, who in less than a couple of hours landed me at the head of the lake, at the little town of

BREGENZ IN AUSTRIA.

Such is the central point of boundaries which the lake of Constance forms, that, with very moderate exertion on my part, I was, during the course of twenty-hours (having, besides, slept six of these), under four different governments, viz., a Republic, two several Kingdoms, and an Empire. In respect to passports and crossing the frontiers, I had no interruption except (perhaps under suspicion that I might be an emissary of Propaganda) a search within my cloak for papers or books, by the douaniers of his Imperial Majesty, at Bregenz.

This latter town lies near an important pass into the Austrian dominions and into Italy. Yet I am told that notwithstanding the vigilance of the custom-house officers, the Swiss smuggle great quantities of fine goods into the Tyrol

and Lombardy. I had breakfast and remained about two hours at Bregenz. The landlord told many wondrous stories about bandits, smugglers, chamois-hunters, timber-cutters, and raftsmen. I started in a sort of *Char-à-banc*,—I travelled onwards to the fertile *Rhin-thal*; and crossing the Rhine, a league above where it plunges into the Baden-see, I reached the town of

RHEINECK.

It would be difficult to give a descriptive idea of the happy situation of this pretty town. The rich valley and clambering vineyards; the mountains, woods, and ruined castles; the Rhine rolling down its streams from the glaciers of the Grisons; the surrounding villages, orchards, fields, and pastures; the handsome buildings in the town; the activity going forward in floating down timber and in transporting merchandize, all combined to render it one of the most interesting places that I have visited.

It has fabrics of woollens, cottons, and linens,

and its wine is highly celebrated. After remaining here about an hour, admiring the beautiful scenery and for visiting two manufactories, and only vexed that time urged me onward, I travelled on by a *calèche*, and in about five hours, by a picturesque road, leading through the industrious town of Rorschach, I arrived and dined at the Brochet hotel at

ST. GALL.

The industry and steady character of the towns-people and of the peasantry, whether herdsmen or farmers, of the country I have been travelling over, interest me most agreeably. This town, surrounded, but not confined, by lofty mountains, is well built, and the people seem as regular at their employments as if each formed a component part of a machine.

The abbey church is said to be the handsomest catholic edifice in Switzerland. In days of yore

the abbots of St. Gall acted in political and military conduct the parts of princes and generals.* Yet, for three centuries, this celebrated abbey was the well-protected asylum of learned men. The first abbot, Othmeyer, as early as the beginning of the eighth century, established a school in the abbey for the purpose of collecting all the learning then scattered over the

* Almost every peasant relates anecdotes of the abbots of St. Gall. My guide told the following of Ulrich, abbot in the thirteenth century. Frederick the second, when absent during the crusades, placed his son Henry, elected king of the Romans at the age of thirteen years, under the counsel of Ulrich. The warlike disposition of the latter was at that time of great service to the emperor in suppressing rebellions. On his return from the holy land, Frederick being desirous to punish the Duke of Bavaria who betrayed him, gave the command to Ulrich, saying, "St. Gall, lead my troops to battle, and show the proud duke that you are not a poor priest, as he is wont to say of you." Ulrich accordingly went forth and reduced the duke to obedience.

The emperor afterwards wrote to the abbot to conduct his son to Ravenna; but St. Gall excused himself by replying that he was afflicted with a pulmonary complaint. The emperor then wrote the abbot, "St. Gall, you must conduct my son to me, because you alone can bring him by the proper road. I have ordered my treasurer to send you, to fortify your lungs, an opiate of four hundred gold marks." The abbot replied, "I will obey, and I accept with gratitude the treasure from your Majesty to pay my apothecary."

surface of Europe. Princes and emperors sent their sons to this seminary,—learned men flocked to it from all countries,—valuable ancient manuscripts were deposited within its sanctuary; but at length civil and foreign wars, and religious and political dissensions destroyed its importance. As late as the time of the council of Constance, Poggio, who sat in that political, religious, and diabolical assembly, tells us that he visited St. Gall, and found in a neglected part of one of the towers a manuscript of Quintilian, many letters of Valerius Flaccus, and several of Cicero's Orations.

Salamon, abbot of St. Gall in 919, wrote an "Encyclopedia of all the sciences and knowledge of the world at that period." This Canton boasts of many celebrated men, especially the theologians Vadianus and Zuinglius. The latter was born in the romantic village of Wildhaus, in the high Toggenburg. It is said that at present all activity and intelligence are turned to the pursuits of industry and trade, and that letters and sciences are but little cultivated in this Canton. The clergy are, however, an ex-

ception to this sweeping charge; for they are energetically occupied in cultivating the minds of the young.

I had little more than time to walk over the Cathedral, the Catholic Lyceum, the Protestant Gymnasium, and the Library Vadianus —in the latter are rare books, medals, busts, and paintings. As far as orderly arrangement, and, I suppose, practical usefulness are in question, I would recommend those establishments to the attention of travellers who have more leisure than I had during this excursion.

There is a German gazette published at St. Gall, said to be the most ably edited in Switzerland. I purchased the numbers of it printed this month (September) now near ending; also some statistical and descriptive pamphlets; and then, although late in the day, I started, fully confident in my honest guide, each of us riding on a surefooted mule, over a difficult romantic road, until night closing in compelled us to stop at the sign of the Bull or the Ox, I forget which, in the populous manufacturing town of Herisau. Next morning we left early,

and by a most picturesque route arrived in time for breakfast at

APPENZEL.

THIS is the capital of Inner, or Catholic Rhodes,* one of the sovereign divisions of Appenzel. It is old, ill built, and surrounded by varied and sublime scenery. There is little worthy of attention in the town to detain a

* The Protestant clergy of Outer, or Protestant Rhodes, are remarkably strict in their own character, and severe in subjecting their flocks to all the religious observances of their faith. The people of Appenzel are passionately fond of dancing, which is forbidden under severe penalties on Sunday. This is the day, however, on which the young herdsmen and their sweethearts meet at the little Inns, where they sit down to drink beer or wine together, in couples, at long tables. A fiddler appears among them, who plays only dancing tunes, and instantly all commence beating time with their feet below the table—thus tasting the pleasure so strictly prohibited by the Magistrates and Clergy.

The "ring play," as it is called, still forms a favourite diversion among the mountaineers of Appenzel. Young men and girls meet on Sundays, and hand in hand form circles, dance round and round, sing the songs of their country, laugh, and shout, until one of the herdsmen, placed without the circles, touches one of the dancers, and runs off over hill and dale, until overtaken by the dancer, who pursues him, and leads him back to the circle, within which he is subjected to a fine, and then entitled to join the dance. This is frequently repeated.

traveller: but the neighbouring country is full of interest; and romantic wildness and picturesque beauty are richly exhibited by the wondrous bounty of nature. Mount Kamor, the Wildkirchlein or Chapel of the Rocks; Weisbad, and Gaiss; Mount Sentis, and thence to the Rhinthal, with the constant Alpine views, unfold the most diversified scenes.

I made little delay at Appenzel, except for peeping into three or four of the principal edifices, and talking about the state of industry and other general matters with the landlord, (landlords I find always intelligent in Switzerland) and with a decent looking man (a Catechist he was styled) while I sat at breakfast, and while my guide was getting the mules saddled, I learnt little more than bringing away the general impression of the place and people.

All the roads and paths of the Canton are in most parts abrupt, difficult of ascent and descent, and often leading near the edge of giddy precipices. The country is totally different in its culture, habitations and aspects, from Thurgau; and pasturage and the tendency of flocks, with

chasing the shy chamois,* form the chief business and cares of the peasantry, who are hardy, brave, religious and honest.

I left Appenzel with the same guide, whom I found trustworthy and intelligent. By a steep road, which at every hundred yards seemed to denounce perdition to us, we arrived safely at the pretty village of Gaiss, celebrated by its pure mountain air, its goat's milk, and whey, and for the efficacy of all three, especially in consumptive cases. The elevation of this place is too high for the ripening of even tolerable common fruit, yet numerous invalids frequent it to breathe a clear atmosphere, and to drink the milk and whey of the mountain goat. The name of the place is derived from the word "*geise*,"—in German, goat.

We remained an hour, quite long enough to see all at Gaiss, and then turned off by a narrow up and down plunging path, which in about an hour and a half's travelling brought us to Weisbad, or White-bath, on the banks of the foaming Vitter.

* See notes to the Note Book, No. 15.

CURES DE PETIT LAIT.

The mountains of Appenzel appear as if they were the special resorts of goats,—for in no country have I seen so many of those animals as on the different elevations of this Canton.

Each morning at Weisbad, at Gaiss, and at Gonten, the healthy peasants who descend from the heights, bring with them goat's milk, and whey with curds, which they call molken and schotten, and which they serve out in cups to the numerous invalids who frequent those places. After two or three months' residence, drinking goat's milk, taking exercise on the mountains, joining in the dance and other amusements, the invalids, so say the people of Gaiss, and Weisbad, all return home healthy as the herdsmen and chamois hunters.

ASCENT OF THE KAMOR.

Mount Kamor being the most easterly of the superior Swiss Alps, and my guide, (whose disinterestedness in money matters, and whose intelligence, whether as to roads—to the great and good people of the country—to old castles, legends, superstitions, and what I scarcely expected, the institutions and geology of the land, gave me full confidence in him), having assured me that he was practically acquainted with the paths leading to its summit, I determined on making the ascent, in order as I was told, to view as extensive a prospect as is obtained from any other mountain in Switzerland. Perhaps there was a little vanity mixed up with the resolution. For although I do not avoid the paths of other men, I like to tread steps not usually trodden, and acting according to the fashion of my own judgment—

for this reason, that although what others have explored may afford me amusement and instruction, yet what I explore myself should add still more to my knowledge. How far knowledge may add to happiness, or whether,

"If ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—"

are inquiries in which I will not quarrel with moralists or metaphysicians as to their dogmas or theories; but for myself, whether when at night, in the wilds of America, I laid down to rest on fir tops and birch rinds, with a Mick-Mack or Abenadui guide stretched on each side of me, and a wood-fire blazing near my feet,—or whether, as now in Europe, journeying on foot, or riding on a mule, accompanied by my faithful Swiss guide, or bumping along in a *char-à-banc*, I have never ceased to wish that the Deity would grant me as long a life as those hale patriarchs who vegetated before the flood. Then I would learn much, and visit every nook, and if I could, ascend every mount in the little planet over which we now crawl —nay more, I would have the avaricious passion

of curiosity to such an extent, that it would scarcely be satisfied unless I were gifted with the power of making a voyage in the galaxy or the milky-way; have post communications with Sirius, and the Polar Star, and with the snout and paws of Ursa Major; then I would coquet with Venus, make Jupiter jealous, send Mercury flying as a courier to distant suns, and philosophise over cold leaden facts with Saturn; then fly, tangent-fashion, in the evening, sweeping Ceres into my train, back to Venus, and bringing her also with me, and followed by a train of gods and goddesses, I would return, full of knowledge and delight, to my native planet.

Such flights are not, however, for us poor helpless material mortals, and I, pismire-like, must e'en waddle up one of Dame Earth's ant-hills, and spiritually allow it the full swell of its mundane magnificence: so farewell all hopes of antediluvian longevity, and universal knowledge and flights. Albrecht, my guide, says, he has engaged a man to meet us at the Chalets, who will lead the mules round from thence to the side of the mountains next the Rhinthal,

and that it is about time that we should commence the ascent of the Kamor.

The height of Mount Kamor is about 5,800 feet English, above the level of the Mediterranean; and 4,450, English, above that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.

We ascended on our mules by way of Fehuern, the least difficult, yet certainly a giddy path, to the highest *chalets* on the mountain. In one of those pastoral cabins we passed the night with the goat and cow herds whom I made rather merry with the contents of a brandy-flask I had with me; they sung, as I thought, all the songs of Appenzel.

We rose about an hour before daylight, refreshed ourselves, dispatched the man hired by Albrecht to meet us with the mules beyond the mountain, and then renewed the ascent. We gained the summit of the Hoch-Kastor, or Kamor Superior, about a quarter of an hour before the sun rose over the northerly outline of the Tyrol.

The prospect which now gradually unfolded its magnificent features, formed a varying panorama of indescribable sublimity and grandeur.

The country beneath appeared like a vast sea covered with a grey mist, and dotted with islands and rocks and pinnacles, that rose,—some like that remarkable elevation of the Azores, the peak of Pico,—some like the smaller clusters of the Hebrides,—and some black as the dreadful isle of St. Paul's, as it shows its frightful head amidst the fog-banks which choak the entrance from the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The snowy Alps reared their hoary summits to the South and West, with their accompanying pinnacles and needles,—bright where struck by the sun's rays, and black or bluish-grey in the shade. As the sun's heat dissipated the dews and exhalations, the green declivities of mountains, and the grassy summits of hills, with horned cattle and goats feeding, and *chalets* impending, burst into the prospect. On the rocky crags of the Sentis were now and then, by aid of telescope, to be seen eight or ten chamois browsing shyly on the giddy steep; and the hunters were already clambering up the dangerous height. The progress of objects, as they burst gradually into the glorious effulgent land-

scape, seemed as if creation, by the Almighty fiat, was producing from chaos all the features which rose from darkness into reality and light.

About eight o'clock neither fog nor vapour obscured the scope of vision, which extended to the Alpine chains of Switzerland and Savoy, to the Tyrol and over the Rhinthal, the lakes of Zurich, Wallenstadt, and Constance, over a part of Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Swabia; and over the greater part of the Cantons of Thurgau, Appenzel, St. Gall, the Grisons, Schwytz, Glaris, and Zurich. The multitude of places I could distinguish by aid of map and my pocket telescope was astonishing. It seemed as if I overlooked all Switzerland; yet the Hochkastor is but a dwarf among the Alps.

DESCENT FROM THE KAMOR.

Not wishing to return to Appenzel, and Albrecht assuring me that if I feared not the giddiness of abrupt precipices, he was intimately acquainted, from having been a herdsman three years on the Kamor, with three different safe *sentiers* leading down to the Rhinthal.

A few weeks before, I had experienced a swimming unsteadiness when standing on the parapet of Ehrenbreitstein, which is elevated only about as many hundreds, as I was now thousands of feet, above the level of the Rhine. Yet on the present occasion I felt no giddiness. Habit has certainly great influence over this nervous and dangerous feeling, although there seems something thermometical in the human constitution which is affected by ascending heights above the level in which we usually breathe. Yet if we ascend by an inclined plane to a great elevation our lungs only appear to be

affected—if we overlook a tremendous precipice our nerves seem to vibrate, and our heads feel a dizziness. One position therefore affects the nervous system by the medium of vision;—the other, by less atmospheric pressure, distends the lungs, and affects the circulation of the blood, as well as the freedom of breathing.

On descending the Kamor, the precipices over gaping gulphs were terrific as description could well delineate them, yet I walked along, following Albrecht, in perfectly steady composure, balancing myself with my iron pointed staff, frequently within a few inches of the edges of overhanging rocks, several hundred feet high —often experiencing much more fatigue than during the ascent, but halting to drink milk at occasional *chalets*, we winded our way from steep to steep, until we reached the village of Kobelwies, situated on the declivity of the Rhinthal on the great road from Rheineck to Werdenberg and Sargans. Here the man intrusted with the mules met us with them—but, as there is a lion in this neighbourhood, we must halt and see the wonder.

THE CRYSTAL-GROTTO.

LEAVING our mules feeding at Kobelwies, we ascended in about ten minutes to Kienberg at the foot of the Kamor, from whence by an escalading kind of winding path we mounted the face of a precipice, and then descending, about thirty yards, a ravine overhung with wood and rocks, we reached the entrance of the Crystal Grotto.

We proceeded, following our guide who carried a lighted torch, to the interior cavern, from which to the inner, or properly speaking, the Crystal Grotto, we were obliged to crawl on all fours along a narrow gallery for about sixty feet, and then entered the cavern, which is from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and about twenty feet in height. Its roof and walls glitter and sparkle with pendant stalactites, or Iceland crystal. These are often tinted with yellow clay mingled in its solution with the

water which was the agent of their production. The effect of the torch-light on the spangled roof and walls was certainly resplendent, and the guide told me there was a larger grotto still further in, now closed up at the entrance by stalactites. Much as the people of Kobelwies talk of their crystal grotto, I certainly do not think it worth half the necessary fatigue, for any traveller who has ever before been within a cavern in which stalactites are formed, to visit the grotto of Kienberg. It has, at least, very much disappointed me. The ascent of the precipice, the descent by the gorge, and creeping along the crooked narrow tunnel-like gallery, may be considered adventurous, and therefore those who are disposed to encounter a laborious experiment cannot do better than be persuaded to follow one of the sight-showing guides at the baths * of Kobelwies, to "Der Krystall-höhle."

* The stream that runs down from the Caverns feed forty baths, the water is heated to a proper temperature, and is considered efficacious in curing the intermittent fevers common in the alluvial country of the Rhinthal.

BATHS OF PFEFFERS.—GORGE OF THE TAMINA.

On descending to Kobelwies, although exceedingly fatigued, we mounted our mules and travelled onwards by a savage route, which now and then from the heights and openings in the fir and larch forest unfolded splendid views of the broad rich valley of the Rhine; of the Alpine peaks and snows, of the Rhætian chain; and on the left, within the German dominions, of the chateau of Lichtenstein, and numerous villages. We passed through the town of Sarganz (near which there is a sulphurous spring, and within two leagues, at Gonzen, there is the richest iron mine in Switzerland), but we halted not until we reached the village of Ragaz, on the Tamina, half a mile from the Rhine, opposite Mayenfeld.

Here we dined and baited our mules, and then started to visit the celebrated Gorge of the

impetuous Tamina, and the famous baths of the Abbey of Pfeffers, which have been much frequented since invalids, or *malades imaginaires*, were first fascinated to them by the monks, to whom the baths appertain.

The path to the Pfeffers, by the little village of Valenz, is steep and difficult even for mules, and, for the first league, so narrow along the edge of precipices, as to be more dangerous than any we had yet passed over: but on our reaching the heights, we came to a sort of table pasture land. Here, at an elevation of more than three thousand feet, as the sun was descending beyond the mountains of Glaris, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwald, and shining brightly on the grey peaks and snowy heads of the Alps, we beheld prospects, displaying features of grandeur of which the most creative imagination can form but a very imperfect picture.

The deep ravine of the Tamina, an infernal gulf, fringed along its precipices with funereal-looking firs, yawned beneath; the frowning pyramidical Galanda; the Alpine pastures, woods and impending *chalets;* and the craggy Grauenhorner,

rose before us; the Rhætian chain stretched from East to West, embosoming the Engadine; mysterious shades were thrown back by the St. Gothard, and the Splugen, over the Rhinwald; and the cloudless heavens—to the west, effulgently glorious in vivid crimson and flaming red—and above, and to the east, clearly blue with sparkling stars—canopied and bounded the vast wonderful landscape.

The evening buzz of the villagers; the tinkling of the little bells attached to the cows and goats; the mountain echoes to the full notes of the Alpine horn, blown by the herdsmen as they gathered homeward the cattle; the blazing fir fires just kindled to prepare humble meals in the village cabins; the smoke rising in grey curls from the roofs of *chalets;* and the deep sound of the cascades of the Mühlbach and the Tamina, imparted strange and impressive animation to the sublime grandeur of nature.

I slept soundly at a small *cabaret* in the village. The people were civil and gave us with good will and at little cost the best they had. Some of the women in this neighbourhood

tatoo their skin, by pricking the surface with needles, and rubbing various colours into the punctures. This savage custom is more general on the mountain ridges facing the Rhine down to Ruti.

As it was useless to descend to the baths, where daylight breaks in only for about four hours during the longest day in June, and now scarcely for three, we started in the morning to view the falls of the Tamina. On leaving Valenz we entered a smiling pastoral valley, in which are several *chalets*, where the women were churning the milk just taken from the goats and the cows, which the herdsmen by virtue of the blasts they blew on the Alpine horn, were then collecting and driving to the mountains. From this vale we descended by a steep rugged path into the dark ravine of Mühlbach, until we reached a bridge, under which this mountain torrent was foaming. A little below, where there is the ruin of a mill, the Mühlbach thunders into the Tamina; and then the waters of both those impetuous rivers plunge furiously over black marble rocks into a profound vortex, and form one of

the most picturesque waterfalls in Switzerland. To obtain a good view of it, one must have no fear of standing on the brink of a precipice, for the cataract can only be fully seen from a high table rock, or rather shelf above the mill, scarcely more than a foot in breadth. From this giddy height the view is as romantic as wild rocks, dark ravines, gloomy firs, and foaming, turbulence, can lend savage features to a landscape.

The path to the baths of the Tamina from Valenz is steep and rugged. There is a resting place called *Mon-repos*, overshadowed by trees, before descending into a yawning gulf which seems the jaws of Tartarus, and infinitely more terrible in its dioramic aspect, than the visionary valley of death in the Pilgrim's Progress. A bridge crosses the gorge. In one place the overhanging rocks form an arch above. Two venerable firs are seen overshading the chasm, and trees of the same kind grow thickly up the ravine to and above the falls. On each side, at some distance, are some groves of larches, and a few old oaks. The *Rhododendron ferrugineum*

which thrives generally in the country of Sarganz, and on the slopes of the secondary Alps, decorates the declivities here and there. From the bridge there was but one way of descent, for unless we consented to be lowered down to this *Inferno* by ropes, we must trust to a zig-zag gallery of planks, two in breadth, without any parapet, and supported by posts and ledges of the rocks. This gallery leads by gradual declination, following the windings for many hundred feet, to the baths. The black limestone rocks streaked with quartz overhang the gorge to a height of about three hundred feet; the Tamina roils and foams, beneath; the rocks, as you proceed, rise gradually higher over your head, and your distance from the foam over which you impend diminishes in proportion. In one place called the Beschloss, or inclosure, the rocks form a vault over the top. At length, incased by awful walls, you observe the smoking source, and soon after arrive at the baths. Never did human conception fix on so terrific a *locale* for a habitation. The invalids who resort to the Pfeffers may truly be said to risk their

lives to prolong existence. Some are lowered down on couches or chairs, with eyes bandaged. Some who are strong enough, and have heads not predisposed to vertigo, walk between two men with sticks held on each side of the patients, who step along much like the Irishman who fancied he was riding when put into a bottomless sedan. Two or three hours' sun, at the most, are all that throw their rays diurnally on the precipices above; and unless patients venture up by the giddy gallery, or be hoisted up by ropes, they must be contented with gazing at rugged walls, three hundred feet high, with fir branches fringing the summit, and a foaming river, thirty to forty feet deep, thundering forth through the awful abysm, in a niche of which their habitation is fixed from June to September.

Such places are often said to be discovered by chance; and finding the sources of these baths is ascribed to a chamois hunter in the tenth century, whom the pursuit of game led to the dangerous steep. The monks of the Abbey of Pfeffers (founded in the eighth cen-

tury) afterwards recommended the use of the waters, first for drink and then for bathing. The spring only flows in summer from openings in the rocks, out of a cavern about twenty-five feet long, ten high, and five broad.

There were formerly baths wedged in near this source, but in the beginning of the last century, the present two bath-houses, capable of lodging three hundred persons, were built; to which the thermal water is conducted by a small canal, six hundred and fifty feet long.

The water which is of thirty degrees temperature, has neither taste, odour, nor colour. It is limpid and light; and "experience," say the monks and the doctors of the country, "proves its virtue, for several centuries, against many chronic diseases and in restoring weakness of the digestive organs, and bilious, or other diseases, arising from gross or defective humours."

The season being over we had no opportunity of observing the scenes of life. On Sundays the people of the neighbouring villages frequent the Pfeffers, and drink and bathe in the waters. It is said that, on those occasions, the scene

below, which presents itself to a spectator seated on the bridge above, is one of the most peculiar imaginable. Beings, as if not of this world, appear descending and ascending, amidst the mist and the cross shadows, apparently to and from an infernal and bottomless region.

There are four resting places in the gorge: first, the Kaenzlin, or little tribune; second, a little higher, the Italian shop: a niche, where fancy articles are sold to the bathers; third, the Solitude, most truly named; and fourth, a vault in the rocks, a little farther up than the zenith of the bridge which crosses the gorge — at this cavern the bottles carried off are filled.

The monks provide at moderate prices the apartments and the articles required by the invalids. The only amusements are billiards, or promenading under a terrace about sixty feet long, except for those who overcome the giddiness of ascending and descending by the gallery. To such the neighbourhood offers several of the most picturesque walks or rides in Switzerland. One of the most remarkable of these resorts is

the romantic valley of *Kalfheus*, from which the Tamina flows; in going to which it is usual to rest for the night in the great *Chalet* of the abbey of Pfeffers. This valley with its few pastoral inhabitants time would not allow me to visit. Tradition affirms it to have been once the residence of giants.

"It is remarkable," observes Ebel, "that in this valley, now so wild, and formerly peopled, there are frequently discovered, in a place which no doubt its church and village occupied, human bones of proportions exceeding greatly those of the present inhabitants of the surrounding valleys.

"In our days also the inhabitants of the valley of Tavetch, the most elevated part of the anterior Rhinthal in the country of the Grisons, are of uncommon stature. One sees among them many who exceed six feet (French). It is to be regretted that there is not one of the monks of the convent of Pfeffers, who loves sufficiently the study of natural phenomena to be advised to collect the bones which have been found in the valley of Kalfheus." * Mr. Picot of Geneva

* Switzerland, p. 496.

says, " that Melchior Thut of Tavetch measured (in 1791) seven feet three inches (French).

The baths of Pfeffers were formerly only frequented by the Swiss. For some years past Italian and German invalids are said to visit them. If the cures ascribed to the use of the waters, internally and externally, be only half true, the virtues of this thermal spring must be great indeed; not only in restoring health, but in combating the influence of the perpetual humidity and chilling cold which prevail in the gorge. If the waters really do possess the wonderful properties ascribed to them, an inclined plane or steps might, at comparatively little expense, be cut through the schistous and calcareous rocks. The patients would then have the benefit of a delightful climate, splendid views, and a picturesque and agreeable country to walk or ride over;—descending to the baths, if too weak to walk, by a properly contrived carriage which might be let down and dragged up the inclined plane by means of pulleys.

Opening a road to the baths has been proposed to the monks, who say that the waters

would in that case lose their efficacy, and that those who expect to be cured must live in the humid bath houses.

The excavations made in the gorge by the violence of the torrent are remarkable; there is one place where the waters, thundering against the black marble, have scooped out a cavern thirty feet deep, nearly forty broad, and about twenty-five high. Yet this vault, in the immense frowning jagged precipices, appears, until you are within it, no more than a dark niche.

I may conclude this sketch by quoting what Daniel the Hermit says of the Pfeffers in 1602.

" Ces bains, d'un aspect et d'un abord effrayant, batis dans les Gorges d'un précipice épouvantable, au milieu d'un gouffre infernal, sont perpetuallement ébranli par la chute d'un torrent que tombe avec fracas sur les rocs voisins et toujours arrosés par la poussière des ondes brisées; il parait que l'horreur du site ne nuit point à leur frequentation, puisque les malades s'y transportent en grand nombre." *

We visited the Abbey. The monks, who have

* Conservateur Suisse, vol. vii. p. 82.

been nearly deprived of their political power in the Canton, appear to be ignorant idlers, fattening on the revenue of the baths, and on some revenues still belonging to the Abbey.

THE EXCURSION CONTINUED.

We rode on from the Pfeffers, descending among rocks and fir trees until we approached the Rhine, which we crossed, and then by an excellent road, with the Galanda on the right, the Rhætian mountains to the left, the Alps rising before us, and the fertile Rhinthal with vineyards on its slopes, and rich vistas up and down, we arrived at Chur, or Coire, the capital of the Grisons.

Early next morning we visited the Cathedral and the Episcopal Palace, the great hall of which is hung with portraits of bishops and celebrated Grisons. I wished to have remained longer at this interesting place, a scene of much activity, from which so many roads diverge,—and would have been glad of the opportunity of visiting the Chateau of Maschlins, two leagues from Chur, as it is said to contain a most valuable museum of natural history,—especially of volcanic productions, and a complete collection

of Helvetian plants. I was, however, more anxious to join my party.

We started accordingly after breakfast, and halted at the village of Reichnau. Here the two branches of the Rhine, anterior and posterior, meet, as they roll down the Rhinwald from the glaciers of the Alps. The scene displays the most romantic grandeur. The Rhine Anterior, or *Sulsalver-Rhin*, is limpidly green, the Rhine Posterior, or *Tomliasker-Rhin*, is of a dark ash-blue and brown. The glaciers of Haustock, Alps rising over Alps—the old Chateau with its terrace and garden, the village and batteau below the bridge — carts and droves of cattle passing — goats and sheep and cows browsing on the hills—woods, vineyards, and arable lands, all enriched the splendid and magnificent picture, which I beheld, as I stood over the river, looking up the *wald* to the recesses, from amidst which the birth-drops of the Rhine commence trickling. I in fancy followed down its stream, to and through the lake of Constance, over the rocks of Schaffhausen, and then to Basel, Manheim,

Mainz, the Bingerloch, Coblentz, and Cologne, until I imagined it flowing past me, as heretofore at Rotterdam, into the mysterious realms of the ocean.

We had now before us an arduous journey to Glaris. The road to Tamins, Trims, and Flins, is boldly picturesque, and may be travelled on with *Char-à-bancs*. The latter village is charmingly situated, and celebrated for the beauty of its inhabitants, who are certainly a handsome race. At Chur we saw a few Goitres and two Cretins, but none, since we left that town, on this side of the Rhine. These patriarchal people, as well as the Grisons of the Engadine, are remarkably tenacious of their good reputation, although perhaps the least educated people in Switzerland.*

Two paths; difficult and dangerous, lead from this over the Oberland, or Alps of Glaris. We had nearly eight hours' day-light left; Albrecht had great faith in his mules, and they certainly deserved all the confidence put in them; we

* See notes to the Note Book, No. 15.

hired a guide to lead us over the dangerous passes—and accordingly set off. Many of the passes of this route are sublimely awful, and until lately have only been attempted by the chamois hunters, by herdsmen, and by adventurous foot travellers. The views of Alpine scenery are at once splendid and terrific—with snows and glaciers rising close on each side. After running risks over limestone and schistous crags and precipices, that might give vertigo to goats, we reached the village of Elms, which is within less than a league and a-half of the glaciers of Haus-wichlen and Haus-stock, from which the impetuous Sernft flows; and immediately above is the Martinloch, or hole of St. Martin, a vast opening or tunnel, through the Tschingel-Spitz, 9,500 feet above the level of the sea. It was interesting to observe the people at their occupations, some preparing the milk of the goats for the green cheese, called Schabzieger. This cheese is made of the curds of skimmed milk, carried down from the mountain *chalets* to Glaris, where it is mixed with the dried and powdered blue odoriferous melilot, (a

species of *Melilotus*), and then pressed into the forms in which it is sold. The melilot is gathered on the sides of the Alpine valleys, on flanks of mountains and among the crevices of rocks. The *Mäher* or Mower of Glaris ascends, to collect it, the most frightful precipices. Nothing intimidates him. He is as fearless in search of odoriferous plants, and in ascending rocks to cut grass, as the chamois hunter, or the mountain goat. While we halted at Elms several *Mähers* descended with their loads made up of numerous small bundles firmly tied together.

In one *chalet* they were busy over a fire on which there was a large pot, separating the curds from the whey; the latter the peasants use, the former and the melilot is carried for sale to the nearest town. The pastoral inhabitants of the Oberland of Glaris have no acquaintance with luxury;—the labour of maintaining life seems fatiguing beyond that of any country I have visited. Yet they are an independent and apparently a happy people.

From Elms by the Sernfthal we descended by another difficult but not so dangerous a road to Schwanden in the Linthal, where we slept, and starting early next morning, we arrived to breakfast at Glaris.

COLONY OF THE LINTH.

I REMAINED at Glaris only a short time, but sufficient to see all that appeared of any consequence to the traveller. It has handsome houses and wide streets, and several monuments and archives to commemorate the memory of the men who achieved its independence, and who have distinguished themselves for the good of the country.

The school of industry planned by M. Escher, and directed by a native of Glaris, educated at Hofwyl, is worthy of attention and praise. Poor children are admitted from the age of eight to seventeen; the latter being the age when the Constitution of the Canton calls them to join in the general sovereign-deliberation upon legislative matters. On this subject, or the Lansgemeinde, I will say nothing farther until I have visited all the democratic Cantons.

We rode from Glaris to Wesen, on the rugged boisterous lake of Wallenstadt. Here, well satisfied with his faithful services, I parted with Albrecht; and willingly would I, had circumstances and my plans of life admitted, have retained him and his mules also, in my service.

My idea was, not to have halted until I reached Zurich, but there was an establishment, noted down in my planned excursion, which I needs must visit.

The river Linth which rolling down in torrents from the glaciers often overwhelmed the country, and carried along forest trees and deposits which arrested the waters until summer, is now navigable from Mollis to the lake of Wallenstadt. The surrounding lands which it overflowed in the valley being marshy, and the river, from the wrecked matter it carried down, when the snow and glaciers melted in the spring and summer, choaking its own course, especially where it fell by its former bed into the Murg, and more especially the destruction of health and life by fevers, increasing every year, the bold attempt of confining and leading its cur-

rent into the lake of Wallenstadt was conceived by Mr. John Conrad Escher, and finally adopted by the federal Diet at Zurich. The work, by a plan of formidable dyking and canalization, was completed in 1816. The river and some tributary streams have been conducted by a new bed into the lake of Wallenstadt, and the fens and marshes, formerly inundated between Mollis and that lake and the lake of Zurich, have been drained and rendered healthy and productive. The intermittant fevers, considered as endemic and annually depopulating the Linthal, have ceased to afflict the inhabitants, and the Cantons of St. Gall, Zurich, and Glaris, have all eminently benefited by the completion of a most laborious and expensive, yet economically and admirably managed work.

There is established on the lands reclaimed, an institution, called the Colony of the Linth, for educating poor children. It was first intended to establish a colony for the whole poor of the Canton, but the funds in hand and in prospect were considered far from sufficient to justify the adoption of this extensive plan, and a

moderate experiment prudently conducted has been for some years successfully continued. It is said that the Emperor Alexander, and several philanthropic Swiss, have provided the funds for the present institution. The children are twice each day instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, national history, the bible, and the elements of natural history. In spring and summer they are occupied in farming, and during winter in making various mechanical articles.

ZURICH.

I HIRED a sort of clumsy *calèche* and horse, by means of which I was dragged down to Raperschwyl, a charming little town on the east banks of the lake of Zurich. Here there is a crazy wooden bridge nearly half a mile long, across the lake, between two jutting spits of land. It was constructed by order of Leopold of Austria in the fourteenth century. I walked down to it and embarked in a pleasure boat then returning to Zurich. The evening was delightful; the views on the lake beautiful—villages, farms, detached residences, woods, fields, mountains, rocks, in the South, and the snowy summit of the Glarsnich, arose over ranges of wooded mountains.

We halted, as is I believe usual, at Staffa,*

* There is in this large village, or town, an extensive cotton manufactory, the machinery of which is worked by steam power.

one of the prettiest towns in Switzerland; and landed on the mole, on which there are benches for visitors to sit and enjoy the lake scenery. As the sun was not more than two hours high, we had only time to take a slight refreshment at the Crown, an excellent inn, and then proceeded on our voyage. There was not a zephyr to ruffle the face of the waters—the sky was clear—all around, except the splashing of the oars, was reposing in tranquillity and beauty. Vineyards stretched up the hills to the right, and the whole of the ridge and slopes of Mount Albis was reflected in the lake. It may seem extraordinary that the waters of not only the lake of Zurich, but of all those of Switzerland rise to their greatest height during the driest and hottest weather. The snows and glaciers which feed these waters account sufficiently for this apparently contradictory phenomenon.

The current now flowed faster, and we floated rapidly, but night came on, and we were still two or three leagues from our destination: but the sky was clear—the stars were sparkling—before us lights twinkled,—and we landed at

Zurich before nine o'clock. I walked immediately to the Sword, the appointed inn where I was to join my friends. To my extreme mortification, I found they had left that morning for Lucerne, where I was told they would remain some days, and that they left a message for me not to hurry myself. It was no use to fret about the matter,—so I asked for an apartment, but the house was full. All England seemed to have emigrated to Switzerland; and all seemed to travel on the common post-wagen track—for not a British subject did I meet with, from the day I parted with my friends at Baden, during the whole of my circuitous excursion, over perhaps the most interesting though least frequented part of Switzerland. But now that I joined the great road, I could not even get lodgings at the principal Inn at Zurich.

The waiter of the Sword sent a commissioner to shew me the Stork, in which I was allotted a small but pleasant bed room, overhanging the Limmat, and looking direct on

the square tower which rises in the middle of the river.

I ordered supper in the coffee-room, and while it was preparing, walked to the bridge—carriages still continued rolling into the town, and how so many travellers found lodgings seems difficult to say, unless they bespoke apartments by letter or *avant courier* before their arrival. As I stood on the bridge looking over the river, women, dressed apparently in black, and attended each by a servant carrying a huge lantern, for the streets were not lighted, passed now and then, one by one, to and fro. I returned to the Stork, had an excellent supper, and conversed with some gentlemen, who were at the same time in the coffee-room,—one of whom was a physician from Copenhagen,—one an intelligent Swiss from Aarau,—and another a very agreeable Frenchman from Muhlhausen. I remained an hour with them, interchanging our opinions and information relative to the country we had severally been travelling over.—Much useful

information may be obtained in this way, if we only manage to break into conversation with intelligent travellers.

As I usually, when travelling, note down the impressions of the day before going to bed, I retired to my chamber for that purpose, and having briefly jotted down my remarks, I opened the window to view the night scene on the river. The moon had risen—all was still, except the rippling of the stream between the openings of the bridge and along the walls of the house in which I was. Fish it is true were sporting and breaking in, by leaping and splashing, on the silence of the night. The two high towers of the huge cathedral opposite flung their shades into the water, and the moon-light beams, reflecting the stern keep of Wellenberg in the lake, rendered it still more hideous as it seemed to prolong to the view its dark walls, down to its subterraneous dungeons.

The names of many distinguished men who were once imprisoned in this hideous castle, form a subject of contemplation, full of instruction to moralists and to statesmen. What changes have

occurred in the world since the days when in it were confined Hans de Hapsburg-Raperschwyl, in the fourteenth century, and those famous men, the Burgermaster Waldmann, and the Minister Waser, who in 1488 were delivered from the dungeons only on being led to execution.

I rose early in the morning, and walked over this most grotesquely built city, with its crooked uneven streets, irregularly built houses, some of them handsome edifices, but most of them gloomy as the age in which they were built. The situation of Zurich is, however, not only admirable in convenience of position, but beautiful in the scenery amidst which it stands; yet the aspect of the town itself, and the appearance, gait, and the manners (of at least the few I spoke to) of the people are certainly not prepossessing in the eye of a stranger at first sight. That there is an extraordinary spirit of active industry in this town and canton, every thing around testifies;—that there is much intelligence diffused among the people, and that the dissemination of instruction is an object of paramount consideration among them, the ex-

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tensive provisions lately made by the legislature for maintaining schools, fully proves; * nor can we forget the illustrious names of Gessner, Zuinglius, Zimmerman, Erasmus (during his residence), Breitenger, Lavater, Meister, besides many other divines, philosophers, poets, and artists, who did honour to Zurich, and to whom also Zurich did honour.

After breakfast, guided by the hotel commissioner, I visited one of the cotton manufactories, which is on a moderately large scale, and conducted in much the same manner as one of the smaller cotton mills of Lancashire. The country parts of the Canton, I was told, now compete successfully with the town in all fabrics. I next visited the cathedral, which is imposing only from its size; for the interior has all the poverty of the most rigid Protestant church. We then

* On the subject of education, the employments, and the customs of the people, and some other general matters, I noted down daily, while travelling, all that I observed and learnt: but the whole forms so voluminous a mass, that it is impossible to print my observations in the order in which they occurred, and I have, therefore, reduced the whole under proper heads, as they appear hereafter in the third volume.

went to the town library, one of the most curious in Europe. Many learned men have left to it their collections, and here are, besides, seven hundred Swiss historical manuscripts, the original MS. of Quintilian, a portion of the *Codex Vaticanus*, written on violet parchment, the latin letters in MS. of our Jane Grey to Büllinger, *Alteste*, or deacon of Zurich, several MSS. of Zuinglius, the best portrait of that divine and of his wife, and an extensive collection of ancient medals, and Roman antiquities. This library and museum is always open to strangers.

The library and collection of natural history belonging to the Economical and Physical society, contains the famous Herbarium of the celebrated naturalist Gessner, in thirty-six folio volumes, exhibiting seven thousand species of Swiss and foreign plants, including those of Russia, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope; and also the rich collections of Rhan, purchased for the society by the city. This museum I was not, from some informality, and my not having time to wait, able to see, and I accordingly walked to the University.

I had no letter, not even to a banker, or any one else at Zurich. This was a disadvantage; but I did not experience any at the University; for on entering its portals I observed a studious respectable looking gentleman, who I thought might be one of the professors, and I walked up to him and said that I was a stranger anxious to take a cursory look over the University. He with great readiness and politeness accompanied me over the halls, lecture-rooms, &c.; explaining everything to me with perfect clearness and liberality of opinion, as well as giving me some very interesting information relative to the Gymnasia and Cantonal schools. I remarked that as he passed along all observed the utmost respect to him. He accompanied me to the entrance of the University; I thanked him sincerely for his courtesy, yet asked not his name—a piece of stupidity which I have not yet ceased to regret.

THE BUCK CLUB.

It would appear that associations have always been common in Zurich, and from all I am told, the customs and manners of the present day retain much of their former peculiarity. M. Martin, the author of "L'Hermite en Suisse," says in his new descriptive work on Switzerland, "the people of Zurich are original and *piquante* in their ideas, fond of gymnastic exercises, prompt in determination, and have little inclination to be affable with foreigners. In no other town in Switzerland are the manners more plain, or a greater reverence cherished for the memory and customs of their ancestors. When a child is born, a young girl in her holiday dress, with a bouquet on one side, and another in her hand, goes from house to house to announce to the friends the happy birth. On the day of the Vernal Equinox there are repasts given, and the moment the clock strikes and announces

the hour when winter ends and spring begins, the head of the family rises and addresses those around the table in a discourse appropriate to the day, reminding them of the return of the growing season, to renew and profit by their industry."

Meister, a native of Zurich, says, "at the convivial meetings of Zurich, tobacco, wine, and cheese, are the luxuries which they partake of to fill up the vacancies of discourse. It is seldom that the men sit down; there are not usually more than three or four seats for twelve or fifteen persons, who, two and two, smoking their pipes, walk up and down and across the room, or assemble in groups to talk over the news or matters of general interest.

"But it is to the absence of what is termed the *Esprit de Société*, that we must attribute a great number of good qualities which distinguish the people of Zurich. An application, in consequence, of more perseverance in works of art and industry; tastes more simple and constant; affections more devoted and sincere; a manner of seeing things more varied, more sin-

gular, and more true, than those who are governed by the rules of fashion.

" Each character, each manner, that differs from his own, has such an effect on the native of Zurich that he can neither associate with others, nor scarcely with his own countrymen, without experiencing a bashful embarrassment which envelopes him in awkward ceremony. At the concert, at the church, at the theatre, which is but seldom allowed to be opened among us, but which is consequently the more eagerly enjoyed, the observer cannot fail to remark with surprise the prodigious diversity of physiognomies which appears among all ages, but especially among those of the young, in the extreme versitality of their features, the vivacity and ingenuity of their expression.

" Of all the arts, music is that most cultivated. Strangers are astonished at the musical taste, proficiency and skill of the citizens of Zurich, which is the more remarkable when contrasted with their most unmusical and unmelodious language. Botany is a favourite study, and rearing flowers a common pursuit; and, ex-

cepting Holland, I doubt," says the same author, "if there be elsewhere a town where rare, indigenous, and exotic flowers are so diligently cultivated. Who will not, in this species of luxury, view it in analogy with the innocence and simplicity of our tastes—with the pastoral and poetic character of our habits and usages?"

On Ascension day, the young men and women of the surrounding villages in new costumes, and those of the town in best holiday dresses, go in bands to the Uetliberg mountain, within half a league of the city, and on the height of this Belvedere which overlooks their native land, they join in hymns of praise to the Deity and of honour to their country.

In society, the men and the women scarcely ever meet together. Each sex, I am told, has its respective and always separate assemblies. While this observance continues, manners must remain unsoftened and inelegant.

One of the most extraordinary societies which has existed in Zurich, was that called Der Ziegenbock Verbindung, or Buck Club: literally, the He-goat Club.

This association arose in consequence of the civil dissentions which, from 1436 to 1447, desolated Switzerland, and nearly destroyed the federal union. A military society was at that time formed, which assumed the name of the Ziegenbock, from each member having sculptured on his house the head of a he-goat, and from their using a machine of that form, like the battering-ram of the ancients, to make breaches in the places which they besieged.

The first people of Zurich enrolled themselves as members; and, like Theban troops, were united in life and death.

They rendered great service to the state, not only in personally defending the public peace, but in giving large donations towards defraying the expenses. They were trained and became skilful in the exercise of the broad sword, pike, and battle-axe. They assumed a spirit of caustic and witty gaiety, a satirical original manner of speaking, and turned their enemies to ridicule in satires, songs, and epigrams.

They were charged with the most perilous expeditions; they sung and were cheerful in

their encampments, as they were at feasts; sported their bon-mots and epigrams in the field of battle with as much pleasantry as at a ball.

The valiant Rodolph Stussi was the founder of this society. When posted to defend the passage of the bridge of Sihl, in 1448, against the troops of Schwytz and Glaris; he, when all his band fell around him, alone arrested the enemy, laying low all that approached beneath his halbert and battle-axe; until, when wounded and bathed in sweat and blood, two soldiers, of Lucerne, stole round under the arches of the bridge, and transfixed him from behind with their pikes. His corpse was made sport of by the enemy, and then cut in pieces and thrown into the river. A monument erected to his memory, over a fountain near the house which he inhabited, is still looked at with reverence by the young and old of Zurich.

The spirit of the Buck Club did not, however, expire with its founder. It long continued the terror of the unfriendly Cantons. The most perilous expeditions were intrusted to the Bucks,

who were always the first in the attack and the last in the retreat. They covered all the sorties, and were generally conquerors. When Zurich signed the treaty of peace with Schwytz and Glaris, the latter cantons exacted of the former that the unyielding and dreaded Buck Club should be dissolved, and its members banished. The magistrates ignominiously agreed to this degrading stipulation, and the Bucks retired to Swabia.

The Landamman Fries, who was extremely popular at Zurich, sympathising with the exiles, sent them a private message to seize some notable citizen, and to retain him until ransomed, by the gates of the city being freely opened to the Bucks. The expedient seemed admirable, and several of them embarked secretly on the lake, entered the town at night, and carried off, from his bed the Landamman himself to the Castle of Hohen-Krayen. Here he was treated with every respect and consideration due to his dignity and character. Feasts and attentions were continued from day to day, and Fries was, in his captivity, completely gained over, and in his

letters to the Diet assembled at Lucerne, pleaded the cause of the Bucks with such eloquence, that the cantons finally decided to recall them. This was the last triumph of the Buck Club, which from that period ceased to act a conspicuous part in the affairs of the canton, but whose exploits still, and probably long will, animate the youth of Zurich.

THE EXCURSION CONTINUED— "THE ALBIS.

HAVING seen as much of Zurich as I could,* and enough to render it to my mind a more interesting town than I at first imagined, I started on foot for Zug by way of Mount Albis. For some distance the road leads along the lake, and then ranges off over the Sihl, ascending gently to the Inn of *Unter Albis*.

During the morning a thick mist hung over the mountains: now the heavens were clear and neither cloud nor vapour to be seen. Several girls were returning with baskets from Zurich. People were at work in the fields and vineyards, —some were driving goats, and now and then I

* One may pass some pleasant hours in visiting the print and book-sellers shops, and the market, where you observe the peasantry in their costumes, and the various articles of food consumed in the town. The fish of the lake are plentiful and good.

saw a girl herding, generally, two cows and one goat together. Taking a short rest and a crust of bread and a glass of wine at the Inn, I renewed my journey and ascended the mountain. The road is steep, but not so difficult as I apprehended. Several *mähers* were descending by difficult paths from the woods and rocks, carrying large tightly bound packages of grass over one shoulder and a short scythe and rake over the other. Immense boulders and jutting crags of Breccia, with now and then ledges of freestone, burst forth from the earth. The mountain ash with its scarlet clusters grows on the slopes, firs and birch flourish in the rocky crevices and heights; and the road which winds upwards is passable and not too steep for a *char-à-banc*, three of which I met descending. On reaching the upper Inn I was very much fatigued and rested for half an hour. The views from its windows are magnificent and splendid; but as the *Signal* on the neighbouring elevation called the Schabelberg or Hoch-wacht, is the point of view recommended to travellers, I

started for it, and in half an hour was seated on its top.

The view is as extensive and interesting, as perhaps any in Switzerland. To the east you command the whole lake and the greater part of the Canton of Zurich, with the mountains of the Toggenberg, and the districts of Gaster and Uznach. To the south, the Alps rise, with their sublimities of snow, pyramids, and glaciers, extending from the Sentis to the Jungfrau. To the north you overlook a vast extent of country including most parts of Aarau, the northern section of Zurich, and part of Schaffhausen and Thurgau, until the prospect terminates at the conical summits of Hohentwiel and the curves of the Black Forest. To the westward, extend and arise the valleys and mountains of Zug, Lucerne, and Bern, the Rhigi and the Pilatus—the Durlesee, and the lake of Zug.

I would earnestly advise all who ascend mountains to provide themselves with a correct map of the surrounding country, a good telescope, (which may be had with great multiplying

power, of no more than five inches long, when its different cylinders are shut within each other) and also with a small magnetic compass; by the aid of these you may see much more from a hill, than many travellers do by going over the ground. You can peep into villages, and observe the people at their occupations, and see the cattle, sheep, and goats of different Cantons at the same time browsing. Not that I advise travellers to be content with a perspective acquaintance with men or things, I merely point out what I have myself found not only entertaining but instructive.

On descending on the west side of the Albis to the Durlesee, I gained the post road and walked onwards. The people were busy at their labours — some ploughing, some near a cloth factory were spreading some forty or fifty pieces to dry; at two villages they were breaking and dressing flax—all seemed industrious. The road, lined often with apple trees, led me to Knonau, where I hired a man with his *calèche*, who drove me amidst beautiful scenery to Zug.

ZUG.

THIS handsome town is most charmingly situated on the slope of the Zugerberg, and overlooking the romantic lake to which it gives its name. I put up at the Cerf, a very good Inn, with what the French call a *Belvédere*—a kind of observatory, from which, particularly at sun rising and setting, you enjoy a superb prospect of the lake,—of the green side and top of the Rhigi,—and over it, of the ragged Pilatus;—on the south rise the Alps, and on the west the blue heights of the Jura. Early in the morning I walked over the town. In the parish church are some curious paintings by the artist of Zug, Brandenberg.* Its cemetery is a most interesting spot:—on the graves the most beautiful flowers are cultivated, and with great

* There is in the church of St. Oswald, a masterly painting, the altar piece, attributed to Corregio, representing St. Oswald, the patron of Zug, before a cross, at the head of his army.

care. Here were pretty girls with their neat flat straw hats and graceful costumes watering the flowers. Others on their knees, with their hats laid beside them on the grassy turf, were praying here and there near a cross, one of which, curiously decorated, stands at the head of each flowery hillock. It was a pleasing picture of devotion and affection. Out upon those who quarrel with creeds! thought I, give me innocence of purpose, and the affections of the heart.

The inhabitants of Zug are, it is true, superstitious—they believe in miraculous charming of cures and revelations to this day; they are fond of processions, and all the pompous ceremonies of the Catholic Church, but to me the impression is that they are an affectionate, hospitable, and courteous people, among themselves,—handsome in person, neat in costume, fond of their country, and kind to strangers.

The young men and women of the canton are considered the most gaily costumed of any in Switzerland. The former on feast days dressed in clothes diversified with various colours,

breast knots of ribbons, light straw hats surmounted with flowers, and bands of ribbons streaming from them in the air, Spanish fashioned breeches, rainbow garters, striped or flowered stockings, and, scarlet shoes tied with yellow ribbons, may be considered the dandies of Helvetia.

Nor are the young girls with their pretty tall forms less sensible to personal adornments. The graceful straw hat decorated with knots and festoons of flowers—the corset and collerette trimmed with scarlet, crimson, and purple ribbons—the gilded chain *en negligée* round the waist, and suspended over the gay plaited apron —the green petticoat, reaching a little beneath the knee, and leaving in view and *en coquette*, a well-formed leg, ancle, and foot *bien chaussée*, form the picturesque and graceful costume of the fair maidens of Zug.

THE BATHS OF WATTERSWYL.

NEAR the town of Zug, on the Baarbourg, is a mineral spring; and a chronicle preserved in the library of Muri, Aarau, gives us to understand that it was discovered as follows :—

A certain number of Swiss pilgrims resolved in 1517, to visit the Holy Land: among whom was the gallant Chevalier Sigismond Schwartzmaurer, of Zug. On their arriving after a weary journey, Schwartzmaurer, afflicted with a chronic malady, which the Christian physicians of Europe had declared incurable, consulted a distinguished Jewish doctor of the tribe of Asher.

The Jew asked him of what country he was, and the Christian replied "I am a Swiss of Zug." "Here" said the Jew, "is a manuscript which tells us that not far from Zug there is a mountain called Baarbourg from which flows a stream, the waters of which are salutary in removing such grievous maladies as that which afflicts you. It is four centuries since a castle on the Baarbourg

was inhabited by Israelites of my tribe, who made plentiful and beneficial use of its spring. My people having been driven away from your country, the well has been forgotten, but it still exists. On your return construct baths there and profit by the bounty of nature."

Schwartzmaurer returned to Zug, and related that which was told him by the Jewish doctor. The spring was searched for, and found on the spot indicated. Baths were constructed and ever after much frequented.

So says the chronicle which the good people of Zug believe to be true; but the wells have been little frequented since they ceased, in 1748, to belong to the abbey of Wittengen.

Although the baths, as a fashionable resort, have been abandoned, a remedy as wonderful is common in the Canton of Zug and also in Aargau. Not only do the ignorant, but the educated, affirm, that if this miraculous diminisher of pain be neglected for one night only, in such cases as rheumatism, gout, and sundry undefined complaints of the body, the afflicted suffer the most acute pains during the night; while if

attended to, they experience the most extraordinary relief from suffering. Fortunately the remedy is neither costly nor troublesome; being neither more nor less than placing two turtle doves in a cage under the patient's bed.

MORTGARTEN.

I ENGAGED a boat to carry me to Art at the head of the lake, and the day when we started being calm promised a delightful sail on that beautiful sheet of water, which is bordered with rich slopes, pastures, orchards, waving chestnuts, gay mountain ashes, firs, oaks, vineyards, and villas, all embosomed within mountains. It is navigated by countless boats, often *mann'd* by pretty maidens.

Carp, pike, and roetel or red trout (*salmo salvelinus*), the latter much prized, are abundant in its waters, as well as in those of Egeri. The carp weigh from eight to twenty pounds, but they say some are caught that weigh as much as ninety pounds.

About an hour after we left Zug, the sky assumed a somewhat threatening appearance, and the boatman not appearing very skilful,

and his alarm about a *Foehn*, or south squall, and the *Aar-bis*, or north gust, induced me to agree to land near the village of Oberwyl, where I hired horses, with a guide, to conduct me, not to make the ascent, which all who now approach it do, of the grassy browed Rhigi, but to Mortgarten, in the eastern valley of Egeri, so gloriously famous for its battle-field — a hallowed spot, at which, much as I reprobate wars, I halted with far more veneration than I should even on the plains of Marathon.

Yes, it was in the pass of this valley that thirteen hundred Swiss peasants, led on by Rodolph Reding, and animated by Walter Fürst, William Tell, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold Melchthal, not in the diabolical spirit of conquest and ambition, by which the armies of princes are led to battle, but in the sacred spirit of that liberty which is the natural birthright of man, defeated the tyrant Leopold, and an army of nearly twenty thousand men,—the flower of Germany, and the principal feudal lords and gentlemen of the empire.

The date of this battle was the birthday of Swiss freedom, which, although on one or two occasions it has been momentarily suspended, they have to this day most heroically defended and maintained. "

The battle of Sempach, fought seventy-one years after—in which the Austrian army, commanded by Bonstetten, the first general of the day, was defeated, and their sovereign Leopold, grandson of the Emperor who accompanied the army to Mortgarten, killed, although the enemy was threefold more numerous than the confederated Swiss bands;—the devoted patriotism of Arnold Winkelried, in the battle, in conception as well as in heroism, unparalleled;—the battles of Naefels and Granson; and the defeat of Charles the Rash and his army at the battle of Morat, and that of Nancy, which was the scene of his death, are among the most extraordinary victories on record.

In no territory has there been more blood shed in battles, unless the Belgian provinces be excepted, than in Switzerland. But let it be remembered that the battles of Belgium have

chiefly been the contests of ambitious kings and warriors—those of Switzerland, generally of men resisting oppression—battles between men defending their freedom against those who fought to maintain and extend the power of despots.

THE LAKE NYMPH OF EGERI.

I SENT the man I hired with the horses round to where the road leads nearest, at the head of the lake, to the battle ground of Mortgarten, and got into one of the numerous boats, or rather canoes, on this romantic water; steered or paddled by a handsome and rather tall young woman. The inhabitants of the banks of Egeri are celebrated for their fine forms and tall statures, and certainly if we decide that the beauty of men and women should be in conformity with symmetry of person, the maidens of this valley and of Zug will be adjudged as near perfection as the human form is capable of being moulded. This is assuredly the true rule, although different nations have their respective ideas of beauty. In judging of every animal but man, symmetry is perfection. We would instantly reject a horse, or a cow, or a dog, with a crooked spine, or

either if screwed into unnatural shapes — but in England especially, where by lacing, and a false system of dressing and training, women are more frequently distorted in their bodies than in any other country on earth, we have unfortunately other standards or rules on this subject—the ribs of a young lady must be screwed in until she becomes as slender as a tape-worm, and it is unnecessary to say that the ribs so acted upon become levers in disjointing the vertebræ.

This distortion seems, however, not to be apprehended by young ladies or their mammas. The aim apparently being that Miss should be pale, slim, nervous, and interesting.

The peasants of Egeri inhabit one side of the lake: the mountains impending over the opposite shore being considered as threatening dangers which might perchance, as at Goldau, bury the habitations which should be erected underneath. In consequence the people are perpetually crossing to the pastures in their canoes, which frequently have a slight sail, and are paddled rather than rowed forward.

There is not a woman or girl over twelve years of age, but can manage one of these tiny vessels, and should it blow freshly they lie down flat in the bottom, and the canoe drifts safely with them to the shore.

Margaretha, my "Lady of the Lake" was a rosy beauty of eighteen, for she told me her age and name. Her manner was frank and cheerful, with something of the coquette in the rapid glances of her dark hazel eyes. Her complexion was fresh and scarcely in the least sunburnt, for a gaily decorated straw hat, tied with a crimson ribbon, and brim widely extended, formed an excellent and graceful parasol. Her hair fell down her back in double plats; a small gold cross was suspended from her neck, a part of which was seen above a fanciful colerette, and over her bosom an ornamented vest without sleeves was neatly interlaced; her arms, from a little above the elbows, and her hands were bare and somewhat bronzed by exposure. The full frilled sleeves of her chemisette, as is often the case in Swiss costume, alone covered the upper part of her arm and shoulders. A blue petticoat reach-

ing a little beneath the knee; a green and white striped apron; white stockings and red shoes completed her very becoming attire, which was all new—this being a holiday—and she had but just returned with a band of young people, all in their gayest costumes, from the village church.

She was not in the least bashful, nor was she forward;—She chatted about her canoe—her going to mass—her being at the neighbouring abbey of Enseidlen during the late pilgrimage, and about all the wonderful things she there beheld.* A youth of fourteen, her brother, with his hat also adorned with ribbons and flowers, with pink breast-knots attached to a blue vest, and with his stockings ornamented with red embroidery, sat down near the prow, laughing heartily when his sister uttered a lively or pointed *bon mot*. In the middle, near me, was a swain of probably twenty—a beau of the mountains, evidently enamoured of Margaretha; —though he most likely, "never told his love." His extreme timidity in speaking, his backward-

* See Notes to My Note Book. No. 14.

ness in manner, his ceaseless wish to assist her in paddling the canoe, and her full determination that he should not, with her teazing him about his sweethearts in the Alpine *Chalets*, were seeming proofs of his love, and if I mistake not, of this "Lady of the Lake" being the liveliest coquette of all the water-nymphs of Egeri.

The light breeze wafted us slowly up the lake; Margaretha steered the canoe adroitly, sung with a clear voice and simple notes a pastoral, in which she introduced, by the name of Gotthard, the love-smitten herd who sat next me. She was, as regarded him, bent on fun and mischief, and the dumb-foundered mountaineer, whose gaudy costume must have that morning given him much care to adjust, was completely paralyzed by the apparent indifference of Margaretha towards him, excepting in making him a butt for her ridicule, mirth, and laughter. Several canoes were moving up and down, and crossing the lake at the same time. On passing, those in each interchanged a phrase or two. Margaretha was never unprepared with an answer or repartée, and more than once replied that if there

were any *jungfrau* without a lover, that she had Gotthard to dispose of.

The scenery of the lake, with its green sloping banks, its valley at each extremity, towering mountains, pastures, woods, village, *chalets*, with the animation of canoes conveying men and women on the water, and with herds tending cattle and singing on the steeps, and of fish leaping on the surface, and of wild fowl hovering above or perched on the rocky crags, was at the same time, picturesque, cheerful, and romantic.

RUINS OF GOLDAU.

I WALKED from Mortgarten by the same route as that by which the Austrians were chased, to where the guide was waiting for me with the horses—and then rode on to the vast ruins of Goldau, which extend in gigantic and awful confusion between the lakes of Zug and Lowertz, and between the Rhigi and the Rossberg.

On the first day of September, 1806, this valley was as smiling, happy, and rich in cultivation, pastures, and cattle as any other of its extent in Switzerland. On that day it came on to rain a deluge, and continued to pour down without ceasing for twenty-four hours. Small masses of rocks rolled and bounded from the heights by intervals,—the waters rushed furiously, deepening the ravines from the mountains to the lake, and at two o'clock on the 2nd of September, an immense rock fell, rolling from a

height of 4,000 feet, and the valley at each bound trembled as if it were by the shocks of an earthquake, the ground at the foot of the mountain seemed all floating; the alarmed birds of the lakes were passing swiftly in flocks, and about five o'clock, a vast chasm opened in the declivity of the Rossberg. All the streams of the ravines ceased running, stones and rocks rolled down and leaped forward in the air, all the symptoms of a grand catastrophe were apparent, and the gigantic Gnipenspitz—the chief summit of the Rossberg—detached its masses of *Breccia*, and other rocks from their bases, and rolling over with tremendous convulsive destruction into the valley, and against the Rhigi, tore down a forest from the slopes of that rival mountain, and buried the villages of Goldau, Rothen, Bousingen, several houses of Lowertz, and part of that lake—the waters of which, swelled by the awful phenomena, carried desolation along its banks to its further end at Seewen. Four hundred and fifty-seven persons lost their lives —of three hundred and fifty who survived, seventy-four saved themselves by prompt flight

during the early symptoms of convulsion, and forty were recovered from the ruins—many of the remainder were wounded, and all reduced to utter poverty, with the loss of parents, wives, children, or relations.*

This was one of the most terrible *lavanges de terre et rochers* recollected in Switzerland. The fallen mountain, which now forms an oblong irregular elevation in the valley, occupies about five and a half English miles in length, and two and three quarters in breadth, and about an average height of one hundred and ten feet. Besides the destruction of human life, three hundred and twenty-five horned cattle, one hundred and eleven houses, two churches, and twenty-one barns were buried under it. The property destroyed was valued at two million livres Swiss. The surviving inhabitants were relieved from various parts of the country by donations amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand livres.†

* See notes to My Note Book, No. 15.

† See Picot, and the work of Ch. Zay, in German on Goldau.

MEADOW OF GRUTLI.

I RODE on from Goldau to the picturesque and well built town of Schwytz, situated amidst fertile ground and splendid scenery at the foot of the lofty cross-surmounted Mythen. I there had dinner, walked over the town and drove in a *calèche* to Brunnen, another delightful and celebrated spot, with at present an excellent inn and numerous boats. There I hired a boatman to carry me to the head of the lake, but he first rowed with me to the opposite shore beneath the cradle of Swiss liberty, the meadow of Grutli (*Grutlis-Matte.*)

Ignorant nations will submit to greater oppression than intelligent states—local circumstances produce different ideas of liberty in one country to those which are entertained in another. Where one portion of the people are very rich and the other very poor, the former

tyrannize over the latter, who submit with degrading servility. This may and does happen in states where the supreme government may be tolerably just and moderate in its administration. In very mountainous countries, cold in winter and but partly fertile in summer, where vigilance is necessary for self-preservation, and industry and forecast indispensable to procure subsistence, the people can never be utterly degraded as in fertile countries with mild or hot climates like Italy, Portugal, Spain, Persia, and most nations of Asia and Africa. Under the tropics all the bees become drones,—they collect no honey for winter food. People rising from the savage state, in wild wooded plains, even if those countries should be inhospitable in climate, may remain slaves until intelligence breaks in upon them, as in Russia; but let them once taste liberty, and give them useful knowledge, — they will not afterwards sink into degradation, until by the attainment of great riches, they are enabled to live in the indulgence of excessive luxury and in freedom from labour, which consequently enervate their

physical and moral qualities. Lord Kaimes says somewhere, that men by inertion may finally degenerate to oysters. That there is, however, as Hume observes, a point below which human degradation will not sink, is undeniable; but that that point is much lower in the scale of one nation than of another, is equally positive.

Political and religious governments have always their influence, but under the administration of the same executive, we find a wide difference in the privileges of the people; not in being freely granted to them by those in power, but in the natural rights conserved by the people themselves. Those who will for instance examine the state of the Spanish government and laws, will discover that the people of Biscay and Navarra, have always maintained their liberties, and their elective municipal administrations.

The mountainous island of Sardinia has also a far more liberal administration than the continental part of the kingdom; of which, however, one part, Savoy, ought from its physical character to form an exception, did not a com-

bination of political circumstances account for its degradation.

Sicily has also a more dignified race of men than the Neapolitans, and the inhabitants of Abruzzo are far superior to the people living in the low countries of Italy.

In countries where people have been accustomed to manage their local and municipal affairs, by electing their own magistrates, it is a fearful and dangerous experiment to attempt, and requires a far greater force than that of the resisting people, to deprive them of their privileges. We observe this illustrated at the present time in Biscay and Navarra—where the people are fighting desperately against a constitution, which, although extending certain elective rights to all Spain, places Navarra and Biscay on the same general footing of central administration as the whole kingdom ; and, consequently, deprives those provinces of the ancient immunities and the elective municipal administrations, which they have cherished and defended from age to age.

Even in Prussia, the powerful absolute execu-

tive allows, with few exceptions, the municipal administrations to remain elective.

Early in the thirteenth century, on the extinction of the house of Zoeringin, which exercised the greatest yet mildest and most just authority over Helvetia, and, on the decline of the houses of Swabia and Kibourg, the Counts of Hapsburg attained the supreme ascendancy over the Cantons—not, however, without powerful rivalships in the authorities exercised by the Counts of Burgundy and Savoy.

When Switzerland, in consequence, became subject to the authority of Austria, it was under a Prince of Helvetia, Rudolph of Hapsburg, who ruled with wisdom and justice, yet he, by bequeathing Switzerland to the Empire, entailed upon her the despotism of his successors.

The towns of Zurich, Soleure, Basel, Schaffhausen, Constance, and Geneva, became rich commercial cities, and after the death of Rudolph, their mutual jealousies broke out in civil dissensions.

The Waldstettes (Wood States) or the Forest Cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden, were

previous to this period, considered of little importance in the political affairs of Switzerland. Their mountain chains, rapid torrents, difficult passes, and thick forests, had long sheltered them from the jealousies of their neighbours.* They were seldom visited, and little known. They grew up, however, amidst those wilds, a hardy independent people. Content with the pastures which were defended by their mountains, they led a simple, obscure, yet vigilant and active mountain life. Freedom was natural to them, and that word, so expressive in the German language, *Vaterlandsliebe* (Love of Fatherland), which we call patriotism, was perhaps never cherished more ardently than at all times in the Forest Cantons.

They governed themselves by electing their Landamman and other magistrates and judges, and by making such regulations as circumstances required by an annual meeting of all the people

* It is stated, however, by several Swiss historians, that the inhabitants of the forest Cantons were at different times attacked, chiefly with a view to carry off their cattle, by the neighbouring powers, but that they always repulsed their invaders.

of the Canton, who thus exercised the most independent sovereign authority.

On their acknowledging the Emperor, it was nominally, or rather as their great military sovereign, than as the chief magistrate who was to regulate their local administration; and Frederick II, admits by a solemn declaration in 1240, "that they were free men, who should obey none but the Emperor of their own general choice for their Sovereign." Meaning thereby, not the hereditary Sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg.*

* Puffendorff, alluding to the dissentions between the nobility and people of the other, or large Cantons, and their being reconciled to peace under Rodolfus of Hapsburg, observes: "Thus these countries did enjoy their former liberty, till the reign of Albert I, who having conceived a hatred against them, because they had sided with his rival, Adolph of Nassau, was very desirous to annex them to his hereditary countries; the monasteries, therefore, and a great many of the nobility, having, upon his desire, submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the House of Austria. The same was also proposed to the three Forest towns, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwitz, who refusing his proposition, he set over them imperial judges or vicars, who, contrary to the ancient custom, began to reside in strong castles, and having first tried by persuasion to bring them over to the House of Austria, afterwards, when they found their labour lost that way, grew very burthensome to the people by their oppressions; neither were the

Albert of Austria, however, determined on exercising absolute authority over the proud peasants, as he termed them, of Waldstetten; sent thither two haughty deputies to rule in his name. Landerberg, who was established in the Underwald, claimed in the Emperor's name, sway over all the people and property of the Canton. He lived in a strong castle, tyrannised over the people, treated their complaints with scorn, or rebuffed them with cruelty, and confiscated their property for the most trifling offence. On some feeble accusation he ordered a pair of oxen belonging to Arnold of Melchthal to be seized. The father of Arnold went to remonstrate with Landerberg, who ordered him to be gone, saying, "Slaves must only expect to eat by submitting like oxen to be yoked." Arnold roused to indignation resisted the seizure—a fray ensued, in which he was slightly wounded, and

petitions made against them by the commonalty, in any ways regarded by the Emperor; nay, the judge of Unterwalden, whose name was Geisler, was become so extravagant, that he set his hat upon a pole in the market place of Altorf, commanding that every body should pay the same respect to his hat as to himself; thereby to make a trial of their obedience.

knowing the violence of Landerberg's tyranny, he fled to the house of his relation, Walter Fürst of Attinghausen. Landerberg, enraged, had the eyes of the father, Henry Melchthal, put out, and all the property of the family confiscated.

Geisler, the Emperor's deputy, and the tyrant of Schwytz and Uri, exercised equally despotic and more extensive sway than Landerberg. He also prohibited building new houses without his permission, and Werner Stauffacher, an elder and magistrate of the Canton, having erected a handsome dwelling, Geisler became enraged and threatened destruction to Stauffacher. He, at the same time, had an Austrian hat stuck on a pike in the market place at Altorf, and commanded the people to salute and pay the same respect to it, as if it were the Emperor, or the Governor who represented him.

The degradation of the Forest Cantons had now sunk to its re-active depth.

The tyranny of the Austrian bailiffs made all the people of the land think seriously of the state of bondage to which they were reduced,

not only in their solitudes but in their little family assemblages. On Werner Stauffacher deliberating as to the course he should adopt his wife animated him to action by saying "Fear not, there are in all the Waldstetten many as indignant as yourself at the tyranny of Geisler and Landerberg,—assemble privately,—confide in one another,—consider of the most effectual way to reclaim your privileges,—stand or fall together,—God will not abandon you!"

Werner, on going to Attinghausen at night to consult Walter Fürst, found there before him Arnold of Melchthal, and there they agreed and bound themselves by solemnly taking an oath, "to break through the chains which enslaved them—to expel their tyrants,—and to perish or redeem the privileges of their country."

Werner and Arnold then returned privately to their respective homes, and by agreement, the three magnanimous patriots, each attended by ten bold peasants, met on the night of the 17th of November, 1307, on the holy elevated meadow of the scarped Grutli.

Here again, before high Heaven, did those

thirty-three patriots join their hands, and enter into the resolution, by another solemn oath, "to undertake nothing in which their confederates should not participate—to support them—to be faithful to each other until death—to defend their ancient privileges, without prejudice to the Counts of Hapsburg, neither in regard to their rights, nor to their possessions, nor yet to ill-treat their governors."

The three chiefs, Walter, Werner, and Arnold, then advanced to the middle of the assembly, and taking each other by the left hand, they extended their right with uplifted eyes towards Heaven, and swore in the name of the MOST HIGH, the Creator of peasants and emperors, that the one would stand by the other in asserting the natural rights of man, that they would fight courageously for their liberty, which they would transmit in its original purity to their descendants. The other thirty repeated this solemn oath, which formed the covenant of the league.

There is nothing in history superior to this. The vigorous determination to redeem their

liberty, and at the same time, the absence of the spirit of revenge, form the sublimity of patriotism —it was altogether holy, and has remained unexampled. The resistance of the people of America approaches nearest to its purity; and there appears a striking resemblance in the spirit of both; for it is evident that neither the people of the humble Waldstetten, nor those of the gigantic forest Colonies of America, had at first any idea of throwing off the sovereignty of the respective empires which claimed them as subjects. But continued obstinacy and repeated acts of despotism will always sooner or later hasten insurrections, and give success to revolutions; — so has it been with America, so it was with the Forest Cantons.*

* I have had occasion, in another work, where examining the causes which led to the independence of the old British Colonies, to exhibit more fully what I here assert in the text, and which all those acquainted with colonial history must know. Of all the causes which roused the Americans, none more effectually alienated them from the government of the mother country, than the contumelious treatment which their delegates experienced from the British Ministers at the Court of St. James's. The state papers drawn up by Congress, of which I have copies, are distinctly expressive on this subject. The ungracious recep-

William Tell, burgomaster of the little town of Burglen, and son-in-law of Walter Fürst, and also one of the patriots of Grutli, disdaining to shew obedience to the hat of Geisler,

tion of Franklin, and other colonial agents, prevented, at the beginning of the troubles in 1775, an offer, agreed to by the Congress of the United Colonies, of "maintaining their own Civil List, and to give a clear contribution of one hundred thousand pounds per annum for one hundred years, in aid of a sinking fund to pay off the national debt of the mother country—with the proviso only of being treated like the other parts of the empire." See State Papers of Congress, 1775. Franklin's Miscellaneous Pieces. British America, vol. i. second edition. Had not the evil genius of the British Ministry prevented this arrangement, and had not the expense of the war, which was the consequence, been entailed on the United Kingdom, how different would at this day have been the amount of the public burdens of Great Britain and Ireland! This note as well as the text of the above, may perhaps appear gratuitous in a work which consists, or it may be said, ought from its title to consist, merely of travelling memorandums or sketches; but those who visit countries with a view of becoming better instructed will form conclusions widely different from those who travel merely to dispel *ennui*. At the same time the pleasure of visiting foreign lands and enjoying the beauties of scenery, and the amusements of society, are by no means, at least as far as my experience extends, incompatible with the reflections arising from our observations of the state of "men and things," in the nations we visit, and from comparing the progress of events resulting from parallel causes in different states.

was, as is commonly known, arrested and condemned as a punishment, to shoot an arrow at an apple placed on his son's head, and, in consequence of having another arrow, intended, should he have the misfortune to kill his child, for the heart of the tyrant, ordered in chains to the dungeons of Kusnacht. His escape and his sacrificing Geisler became the signal of insurrection, which suddenly, on the 1st day of January 1308, blazed forth over the Forest Cantons, and extended to the neighbouring valleys; the battle of Mortgarten, and those which followed, secured independence not only to Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden; but finally to the whole of Switzerland.

There is a little edifice embosomed by surrounding forest trees, at the foot of which three springs bubble and flow down the meadow of Grutli, over the rocks into the lake.*

* The springs of Grutli, bearing the names of the patriots, Werner, Walter, and Arnold;—the people of the country believe that those sources burst from the earth immediately after the oath of Confederation was solemnized.

Neither the Magna Charta which was extorted from King John on the meadow of Runnymede ninety-two years before the

This building is looked upon as consecrated; the people call it *Das Heileg Haus* — the Holy or Sacred House. Assuredly if any ground ever was consecrated to immortality, the meadow of Grutli was, by the most sacred devotion, in the name of God, to liberty.

On the 23rd of June, 1313, the people of the Cantons renewed their alliance with religious solemnity on the same spot, and finally, in 1713, confirmed their union on this ground consecrated to Liberty and Justice.

meeting of Grutli, nor the law *Tallagio non concedendo*, agreed to by Edward twelve years before, although they form the groundwork of the English constitution are so free or clear as the Act of Confederation agreed to on the day after the feast of St. Nicholas at Brunnen in 1315.

It was not until between 1307 and 1327 that the Commons of England were enabled to pass laws, by attaching petitions to their grants of subsidies. Whereas the people of the Forest Cantons have met in full *Langemeinde* ever since the day on which the battle of Mortgarten was fought. See Notes to My Note Book, No. 16.

ALTORF.

The Lake of Lucerne or of the Quatre Cantons presents the most wild and varied aspects of any lake in Switzerland. The lake of Wallenstad, and the upper part of the Lake of Geneva approach nearest in romantic grandeur, but neither are so varied. Two straits divide this lake, it may be said, into three. The lower, that of Lucerne proper, with three branches; the middle or that of the Waldstetten; and the upper or that of Uri, on which I embarked, on descending from Grutli to Seelisberg. High perpendicular rocks, often overhanging, generally craggy, mountains, woods, and few places where it is safe to land, render the lake of Uri terrific in stormy weather, and the panic-struck slaves who were carrying off Tell to prison, might have in truth good cause to unchain a skilful oarsman. The ledge on which he leapt and landed, pushing the boat at the

same time into the gulf, is romantic as legend could wish. The Achsenberg rises 5,340 feet immediately over it. We halted a few minutes, stept ashore upon the same rock; entered the chapel elevated like several others in Switzerland to his memory, and then went on, passing under terrific projecting and lofty precipices to Flueten, an entrepôt for goods passing to and from Italy by the St. Gothard. Here I landed, and then walked about a mile to Altorf. This little town, which contains less than 2,000 inhabitants, may certainly be considered the cradle of Swiss independence. It is a spot full of interest. I looked at the place where the pike of the tyrant Geisler with his hat on its top was stuck, and where the patriot Tell looked at it and passed on in disdain, and then thought of the meadow of Grutli; I turned round to where the tower stands over the spot where grew the Linden tree, against which the son of William Tell was placed, and then thought of the tree at Kusnacht against which Tell rested his bow when he shot Geisler.

TEUFEL'S BRUCK — DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

If countries retain the name of those who have in days of yore held sway over, or acted celebrated parts in them, the devil must have been in olden times a conspicuous and domineering personage in the Canton of Uri; or, as M. Martin says "*Le Diable joue donc ici un grand role.*" Here we have Teufel's Thal, Teufelstein, Teufel's Bruck; valleys, rocks, bridges and mountains baptized by the Satanic name. Even now the common interjection is "Teufel!"

Instead of travelling by *char-à-bancs* which as well as all wheeled carriages in mountain countries, I detest, I hired a compact sure-footed saddle horse, and a guide with another, to proceed with me to the Devil's Bridge, and the St. Gothard, the latter not appearing five,

although twenty miles distant. I have seen so many romantic and sublime prospects and such varied picturesque scenery already, that I might before now be fully satiated with snow-covered Alps, peaks, glaciers, precipices, torrents, rocks, and woods. Somehow or other I am even more eager to see, to visit all, than I was on entering Switzerland on crossing the Rhine at Basel.

This road or pass is a gigantic work over, or one may perhaps say, through the wildest country on earth; you ascend nearly all the way from Altorf. Soon after you leave that town, Attinghausen is passed on the right, and then William Tell's birth-place on the left, as you cross over the awful torrent in which the patriot was drowned, in attempting to save the life of a child, forty-three years after he slew Geisler. Then you ride over the sites of bloody combats, in different passes, between the Russians, Austrians, and the French, of which my guide related marvellous anecdotes. We then ascended through the village of Amsteg close to which is the Grotto, similar to those of Lugano, from

which issue blasts of freezing wind, and then rode onwards amidst the grandest and most varied scenery; the glaciers of Sherhorn on the one hand, and those of Titlis and Sustenhorn on the other;—the St. Gothard before us, caravans and waggons carrying goods, cattle in droves going to market, and cows and sheep on the Alpine pastures, with the echo of the *Kuhrein*, the blasts of the Alpine horn, sounded and resounded from rock and mountain, formed the bold and animated picture which prevailed until we reached the celebrated Devil's Bridge,—the most extraordinary pass, and until the present one (twenty-seven feet higher) was constructed, the most awful of the St. Gothard. Yet, notwithstanding its tremendous precipitous rocks, which have evidently been subjected, like the whole of the St. Gothard, to some one of those great convulsions of earth and mountains, which have disturbed the early world, and the impetuous torrent which thunders from above and roars underneath, the gorge of the Pfeffers is more terrific than that of the Teufel's-bruck.

From this turbulent and sublime scene we

passed to the Urnerloch or Hole of Uri, a tunnel cut through the mountain wall which separates the Devil's Bridge from the gap of Ursern. This gallery is about two hundred and ten feet long, eighteen broad and about the same in height. We led our horses through, and then rode on to Andermatt and Hospital, which stands at an elevation of four thousand five hundred and sixty-six French feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Here is the remains of an old chateau, and a few hovels. The real Hospital of the monks is on the other side, and near the summit of the pass.

After wandering about for some time among the rocks of gneis and granite, and then after having some refreshments at the auberge of the Three Kings at Andermatt, where we were told several anecdotes about the French and Austrian armies we retraced our steps to Altorf.

I could have willingly remained a month in the Canton of Uri, between the St. Gothard and the lake of the Four Cantons. The scenery and the geology, the legends, the primitive manners, the superstitions, and even a practical manner of

speaking, which prevail among the people, are all full of interest. On earth there cannot be a more opposite, and yet more varied contrast to artificial life and manners.

END OF VOL. II.

THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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